

The Ypsilantian

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1906.

NUMBER 1401

For Thirty Years We've Sold Amana Shrunken Flannels

They're known all over the world as honest and trustworthy flannels. Made by the Amana Society, an organization of Germans in Homestead, Iowa, made right and contain twice the goodness of other flannels at the same prices.

Amana flannels retail at 40c, 50c and 60c a yard—three grades—and should you desire to invest in the best flannel values that were ever offered you, come to this store and say you want to see the Amana flannels. You'll get some very satisfying values if you do.

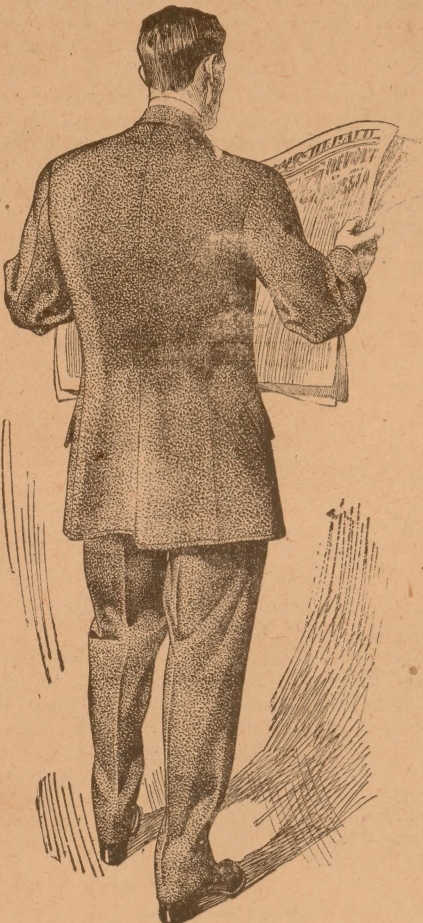
NOTE.—We are particularly strong on Towel and Linen Crash values and this store offers some very good price inducements to housekeepers in search of such items.

BASEMENT SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

Eight Dozen Nickeled, Covered Sauce Pans, with black enameled handle.—We've had these before and they were in great demand. SATURDAY, 10c EACH.

Davis & Kishlar.

They All Have To Take Off Their Hats



When they compare Wortley's immense stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing and Furnishings with that of their competitors, because they are showing the largest assortment, newest styles and best values for your money of any house in the city.

Look at their Stein-Bloch and Hart, Schaffner & Marx Overcoats, Suits, Topcoats and Raincoats before buying. They can show you the latest styles and prices the lowest.

As for the latest attractions in Hats, Caps, Gloves, Shirts, Neckwear and Hosiery, you will always find them at this store.

C. S. WORTLEY & Co



P. C. Sherwood & Son The Shoemen

are the attractions and money value of our splendid assortment of Footwear—sure to contain the very article you'll appreciate. We'll gain a double share of public approval when this unprecedented display of choice goods is examined. Money-saving prices for high-grade goods. Come in and examine, whether you're ready to buy or not.

For Picture Frames

Or for the Filling of

Physicians' or Domestic Prescriptions

You will be sure of the Lowest Prices and the correct thing if you go to

...FRANK SMITH...

All kinds of Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

Ypsilanti Produce Market.

Price paid by dealers.

Prices on cereals and wool are given by Mooreman & Huston.

YPSILANTI, November 8, 1906.

Wheat.....	66@72
Corn, ears.....	29
Oats, new.....	48@52
Rye.....	52@56
Barley, 2 cwt.....	80@100
Buckwheat, per 100 lbs.....	1 00@1 15
Clover seed.....	5 00@7 50
Timothy seed.....	1 75@2 00
Hay.....	8 00@12 50
Beans.....	80@1 20
Potatoes, new.....	40
Butter.....	22
Eggs.....	25
Honey.....	10-12
Tallow.....	4
Lard.....	10
Pork, live.....	16
Pork, dressed.....	7 1/4
Beef, dressed.....	5 1/4@5 1/2
Hams.....	12
Hides, 20 lbs.....	10
Wool unwashed.....	30@35
Spring chickens, live, 2 lbs.....	8
Poultry.....	8
Turkeys, live.....	16

MERE MENTION.

The Ypsilanti Telephone—Office No. 116; residence, No. 125—2 r.

If you have a house and lot or any other property for sale or rent, try a three-line ad. in The Ypsilantian. Three insertions for 25 cents. It brings good results.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith of Walled Lake spent Sunday with F. E. Quigley and family.

George A. Damon of Chicago lectured before the U. of M. engineering society Friday night at Ann Arbor, and several Ypsilantians attended. Mr. Damon is looking well and hearty and is as rushed with business as ever. He is counted one of the best consulting and constructing electrical engineers in the west.

Mrs. A. H. Murray and children of Detroit have been visiting Mrs. W. A. Moore.

Mrs. E. B. Bennet and children of Hartford spent Sunday with Miss Mary Dickinson.

N. B. Perkins has returned from an extended stay in the northwest.

Charles C. Hylen and family of Pennsylvania, formerly of this city, have been visiting Ypsilanti relatives.

Mrs. S. B. Lockwood is the guest of Mrs. Frank Milward at Pontiac.

Mrs. J. L. Reed of Port Hope has been visiting Mrs. N. B. Trim.

Mr. and Mrs. Broyles of Springfield, Ill., addressed the different churches Sunday on behalf of a negro children's home in Springfield. The Draper car with seven orphan children from Houghton, who are going overland to Seattle, Wash., with the Drapers to found another orphan's home, were present and gave some good music at the Methodist church Sunday evening. Their auto-car attracted much notice.

Mrs. Anna Hogan Tranquill died Monday, aged 35 years, after a long illness. The funeral was at St. John's church this morning.

Mrs. D. C. Batchelder leaves to-day for Chicago to visit her daughter.

The next entertainment in the Normal course will be a lecture in Normal hall, Wednesday evening, Nov. 14 by Lincoln Steffens, who has done more than any other one writer to call attention to the corrupt municipal conditions in this country, and whose writings in McClure's and other magazines have created wide interest. Mr. Steffens will have much of vital importance to say and should prove one of the best speakers in the course.

L. C. McLouth left Saturday for a trip through Ontario in the interest of the Miniature Sales Co.

J. W. Sweeting has gone to the Soldiers' Home for the winter.

Mrs. F. E. Farrington, Will and Miss Lucy Farrington leave this week for Texas.

E. A. Holbrook and George C. Smith came home from Lansing to vote.

Capt. E. P. Allen spoke at Bridgewater Saturday night and at Salem Monday.

Mrs. Alonzo Landon of Belleville, well known in this city, died Saturday.

The Ypsilanti high school football team were defeated by the lively Detroit College eleven that held even the Normals to a single score, Saturday. The High School boys were not able to prevent Mc Nalley's great end rushes, and the score was 28 to 0. The Detroit papers said the Ypsilanti boys played pluckily, however. The Ypsilanti and Orchard Lake Academy teams will play Friday afternoon on Reinhart Field. Game called at 2:15. Admissions 25 cents; ladies 15 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Holmes of Alpena have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Gaudy on their wedding trip.

Mrs. Jennie E. Van Tuyl returned to Chicago Saturday afternoon, after a visit of several weeks with Mrs. Lois Leitch.

William Webb of this city has been pledged to the Kappa Phi Alpha fraternity.

Mrs. E. E. Jenness gave a pretty Kensington tea Friday afternoon to thirty ladies in honor of Mrs. F. F. Van Tuyl of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ransom G. George of Detroit have gone to Buenos Ayres, Argentina, for the winter.

The Harmonious Mystics gave a pretty Halloween dance at the Country Club Friday evening, with appropriate decorations and refreshments. Miss Bergin furnished music.

nished music. Miss Lorinda Smith and Harry White of Detroit were among the guests.

Mrs. James Osborn and Mrs. N. Hendrick returned to Owosso last week. Mrs. George Gould of Jackson, formerly of this city, was brought here for burial to-day.

Arthur Howard of Canton, died yesterday, aged 36 years.

The pupils of Miss Mary Dickinson gave a delightful recital at her home Saturday.

Ypsilanti town gave 69 votes for, and 46 against doing away with the Board of County Auditors; 79 votes for, and 40 against fire proofing the Probate office.

The Young Women's Guild of the Congregational church held a pleasant meeting Saturday with Mrs. Louise Humphrey, a large number of new members being received. Games and refreshments, of which toasted marshmallows were a feature, occupied the afternoon.

Miss Margaret VanCleve left Monday for Brooklyn, N. Y., to visit her brothers for several weeks.

The Pi Kappa Sigma sorority gave a pretty informal party at the Country Club Saturday evening in honor of their pledged members. Seventeen couples were present. Misses Jessie Wallace of Detroit and Lucile Tyson of Grand Rapids were among the guests.

The men of the M. E. church will hold a banquet at the church, Nov. 16.

Capt. E. P. Allen and B. R. Hoffman were chosen delegates to the Presbyterian Brotherhood convention at Indianapolis, next week.

The W. R. C. will serve a chicken pie supper, Nov. 16.

Saturday evening at 7:30 the young people of the Congregational church will hold a social and business meeting at the parsonage.

W. H. Deubel left this week to visit his daughter, Mrs. Leroy Wilson, El Reno, O. T.

Mrs. J. K. Campbell lectures at farmers' institutes next week in Menominee Iron, and Dickinson counties.

Mrs. D. H. Roberts is recovering from an operation for appendicitis in N. Y. City.

School saving deposits this week were: Central, \$15.52; Woodruff, \$17.18; Prospect, \$2.88; Adams, 32 cents.

The democrats held their only campaign rally Friday night, with speeches by Hon. L. T. Hemmans, Col. Kirk, Lee N. Brown, Arthur Brown of Ann Arbor, and after nearly every one had gone, Candidate Kimmeler reached town and made a lively speech. The earlier speakers rather helped the republican ticket.

Washtenaw Pomona Grange will meet at Manchester Tuesday, Nov. 13, and discuss educational questions.

The Normal football team defeated Adrian College Saturday 6 to 0, Cadwell running 100 yards for the touchdown. They play the Flint Mutes at the campus at 10:30 Saturday morning.

Miss Serena Belle Chamberlain, a former Ypsilanti school teacher who has many friends here, was elected state superintendent of public instruction in Idaho this week.

A quantity of new shrubbery is being set out in the city parks.

The Presbyterian young people held a jolly Halloween party in the church parlors Thursday night, with sheeted ghosts with literally icy grip, and all sorts of weird doings going on.

The L. T. L. meets Monday evening with Miss Olive Woolsey, 518 Brower street. Election of officers.

The Ypsilanti friends of Prof. and Mrs. John E. Clark of Longmeadow, Mass., will regret to learn of the recent burning of their home at a loss of several thousand dollars, partly covered by insurance. The house was struck by lightning about six in the morning. Most of the furniture was saved by the neighbors.

The Study Club met with Mrs. James Huester Tuesday. The paper by Mrs. Bush on "Early Italian Art" was most interesting and was read by Miss Amsden. Several articles on forestry were read, one by E. J. Mills given at the Federation meeting being especially valuable. Tea was served by the hostess.

The K. of P. tendered a fine banquet last evening at the Occidental to the Rathbone Sisters. Rev. A. J. Hutchins was toastmaster. Later cards and dancing followed at the club rooms. There were 130 present.

Prof. F. R. Gorton gave a charming talk on his travels in Europe illustrated by many pictures, at the meeting of the Epworth League Tuesday evening at the home of Miss Belle Ross.

It is hoped that the council will provide a suitable site for Trim & McGregor's proposed factory for the making of oil cloth. The building will be an improvement to the city, and another industry would be a welcome addition to the city's resources. They ask no bonus, merely a site.

Preventics, as the name implies, prevents all colds and grippe when "taken at the sneeze stage." Preventics are toothsome candy tablets. Preventics dissipate all colds quickly, and taken early, when you first feel that a cold is coming, they check and prevent them. Preventics are thoroughly safe for children, and as effective for adults. Sold and recommended in 5 and 25 cent boxes by Frank Smith.

THE ELECTIONS

The storm has passed and quiet gives a chance to look over the ruins and estimate the gains. Locally the vote seems to have wobbled more than usually from party lines, inasmuch that Kirk carried the city by 501 majority while Lee Brown was defeated by Waters by 105. The entire county republican ticket was elected except Sheriff Newton, who was assailed by Mr. Glazier. Mr. Newton deserved a re-election and Glazier's disloyalty to his party is largely responsible for the failure. Glazier's vote in the county shows how honorable men estimate the man who compassed the defeat of Mr. Newton, a nominee of the people at their primary, and on the same ticket. A loss of 1900 votes in the county may look small to the state, but it means three times that number who will check ambition when the time comes. The figures we give below are the best attainable at the time of going to press but no doubt will be somewhat changed by the official canvass.

Congress is republican by 75 majority as is our legislature, there being only five democrats in the latter.

Codd and the franchise are defeated in Detroit, and Hughes, rep., of New York defeats Hearst by about 60,000 majority.

And now the county will move on at its old pace for another two years.

In Ypsilanti town the majorities are: Warner, 52; Wellman, 32; Glazier getting only 134 votes; Townsend, 209; Peek, 58; Waters, 36; Newton, 59; Harkins, 85; Luick, 64; Lawson, 36; Kirk, 115; Sample, 46; Putnam, 22; Burchfield, 54; Wallace, 59; Allen, 59.

In Augusta, Warner, 45; Glazier, 45; Townsend, 104; Peek, 48; Waters, 52; Harkins, 46; Luick, 47; Lawson, 127; Kirk, 12.

In Pittsfield, Warner, 34; Glazier, 20; Townsend, 104; Peek, 48; Waters, 52; Newton, 19; Harkins, 24; Luick, 29; Lawson, 38; Sawyer, 41.

In Superior, Kimmeler, 8; Wellman, 101; Townsend, 101; Pringle, 2; Brown, 8; Sutton, 18; Harkins, 24; Braun, 4; Seery, 9; Kirk, 11.

Warner carried the county by 1512; Sutton by 252; Harkins, 1387; Luick, 1059; Sawyer, 456; Lawson, 77; Waters ran like a deer, getting 624 majority in a 300 democratic district over Lee Brown; Newkirk, 900; Jerome Allen, 1100.

The Michigan Telephone Co. at midnight furnished complete returns on the whole ticket from every precinct in the county except part of the Ypsilanti first ward and of Dexter.

Animals and Rain.
It seems strange that no animal, unless it be the squirrel, seems to build itself a shelter with the express object of keeping off the rain, which they all so much dislike. Monkeys are miserable in wet and could easily build shelters if they had the sense to do so, but even the orang outang, which builds a small platform in the trees on which to sleep at night, never seems to think of a roof, though the Dyaks say that when there is much rain it covers itself with the leaves of the pandanus, a large fern.

Hairbrushes.
The brush trade is full of deceptions. An experienced hand will by touch tell if a broom or brush be all hair or a mixture. But if ever in doubt pull out or cut off a suspicious hair and apply a match. However well doctored, the deception will be shown at once. Hairs will burn, rolling up ball-like, with the well known smell of burned hair, while a vegetable substitute will consume, leaving the charred portion like a burned match.—New York Telegram.

Hall Trees.
A woman was much astonished to receive a letter from another woman asking for a slip of her hall tree. "I understand," she wrote, "you've got a good variety of hall trees, and as we've just finished up a new house with a real nice hall we'll need a tree, and we'd be ever so much obliged if you'd send us a slip or your." And please will you send along with the slip directions telling us whether to water it from the top or bottom?"

Conundrums.
Visitor (to artist's new wife)—Whatever were you two laughing over so just now? Wife—Oh, it was such fun! My husband painted, and I cooked, and then we both guessed what the things were meant for.—Megendorfer Blatter.

Lost Opportunities.
"What a pity it was that baseball was not known in the old Roman gladiatorial time."
"Why so?"
"Because they would have so enjoyed killing the umpire."—Baltimore American.

Self Respect.
There is no one thing so necessary for one's real advancement in life as a thorough self respect. You must think well of yourself, or others will not respect you.—Success Magazine.

The world is like a staircase—some go up and others come down.—Italian Proverb.



THE UNDERWEAR SEASON

Has now arrived and we are prepared to supply you with

Ladies', Gents' & Children's

GARMENTS

Children's Vests and Pants at 10c to 50c each

Ladies' Vests and Pants at 25c to \$1.00 each

Men's Shirts and Drawers at 50c to \$1.00 each

Union Suits for Boys or Girls at 50c to \$1.25

Union Suits for Ladies at 75c to \$2.75

Our Puritan Union Suit for Ladies at \$1 is a bargain

Cotton Blankets and Comfortables at 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, up.

Cloak Department full of Latest Novelties

W. H. Sweet & Son.

The National Loan & Investment Company

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

WE ISSUE TIME CERTIFICATES NETTING

Four and One-Half Per Cent

PAYABLE SEMI-ANNUALLY

Investors can gain further information by addressing our local representative, Mr. T. T. CLEMENT, Ypsilanti, Mich.

S. B. COLEMAN, President.

FRANK B. LELAND, Secretary.



COME TO TOYLAND!

Beginning Monday, Nov. 12

Our Toy Department will be open to the public with the largest display of toys ever shown in Ypsilanti.

Our purchase this year has been nearly double over last year, and embraces all of the old favorites and scores of the new and popular novelties. Everything is new and fresh, and priced to save you money. You'll find it easy to make a selection here at any price you wish to pay. The toys you want are here. Come and bring the children. As usual, this store will be Holiday Headquarters.

Our Big Holiday Opening will be announced later

G. F. SMITH DEPARTMENT STORE

125 CONGRESS STREET

WE CARRY A FULL LINE

OF THE CELEBRATED

Garland Stoves and Ranges

FROM THE SMALLEST TO THE LARGEST

Prices Right. Give Us a Call.

H. A. PALMER

THE DEPOT HARDWARE

BOTH PHONES

35 EAST CROSS ST.

JOB PRINTING AT THE YPSILANTIAN OFFICE

TEMPERANCE TEACHING IN THE SCHOOLS.

The expression of the State Teachers' association on the subject of temperance text books ought to result in a thorough discussion of the whole matter, not only as to restatement, but as to the amount of time and attention to be given to it. It is hard to tell which does more harm, the mis-statement of facts, or the reaction which results from keeping the subject before the child till it becomes monotonous and disgusting. Surely all that the pupils in the lower grades ought to know of physiological effects can be taught in a few, brief lessons; anatomy and the internal activities of the human body are not profitable themes for the young and lively imagination. St. Paul would have given the subject short shrift: "Milk for babes" was his prescription, and to keep the heart from contamination he advised keeping the thoughts occupied with "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report". With older pupils the scientific knowledge of the effects of alcohol, if presented without prejudice and in moderate amount, ought to present a strong motive for sobriety, though there are many who question the value of the school emphasis laid on the subject. "If a person will not let drink alone because it discolors him," said a teacher of much experience, "he will not be held back by knowing that it inflames the coats of his stomach. If a red nose is not repulsive in itself, it cannot be made so by teaching how the action of alcohol produces it." To his mind the harm done by keeping the subject before pupils as much as the law requires, may counteract all the benefits hoped for.

Whether or not alcohol is, under certain conditions, broken up in the system and appropriated, is a question for medical men; school is concerned only with its use as a beverage. The older physiologists presented the subject tersely and without exaggeration, but probably they might be improved upon in details and in information gained from experiment and modern methods of investigation. If teachers would then remember that the law requires of them only the teaching of the physiological effects of alcohol, there could be little objection to temperance teaching in the schools. Unfortunately there are many teachers who with more zeal than judgment do not observe this limitation, and then the trouble begins, especially in schools where there are more or less families connected with the liquor traffic.

The question of tobacco is even more perplexing than that of alcohol. It is really a problem to an intelligent and conscientious teacher how to present the subject in such a way that the every day experiences of life will not contradict half the charges made against tobacco. Foolish waste of money, slavery to a habit, the need of prohibiting its use to athletes and to those who need a strong heart and a steady hand are about all that one can allege with certainty. But fortunately there is no question as to the effect of the poison on the growing tissues, and here the teacher has an opportunity to save the boy and, generally speaking, the man, from forming the habit.

It is high time for a re-presentation of the subject of stimulants and narcotics. It is to be hoped it may be handled by men abundantly equipped in scientific knowledge, men who have no hobbies to ride, no text books to introduce, whose judgment is not warped by excessive zeal and who believe fully in the power and efficacy of the simple truth.

In the election which is to take place next March to choose delegates to the Philippine Assembly—or whatever the legislative bodies may be called—only those may vote who are at least 23 years old, who can read and write Spanish or English, or who own a certain small amount of property or who held office under the Spanish government. Universal suffrage isn't thought to be advisable in this stage of apprenticeship, though the Philippine people will doubtless be restless over any limitations. If there were more instead of fewer limitations in this country there might be fewer campaigns like that through which New York has recently passed.

Now the archaeologists are finding out from the inscriptions that bribery and graft existed as long ago as the reign of the sixth king of Babylon, who directed an investigation to take place. Same old world.

A PROFESSOR LASSAR of Berlin has designed an electric motor driven instrument for the restoration of red noses to their proper color. Whether the profes-

Is It Your Own Hair?

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never begray.

"I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hair-grower that was ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truthfully say that I am greatly pleased with it. I heartily recommend it as a splendid preparation."—Miss V. Brock, Wayland, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

It is to be counted among the benefactors of mankind or as accessory to saving the tippler from the consequences of his sins is open for discussion.

SECRETARY SHAW characterizes the Democrat party as a pathfinder, a failure. The failure doesn't seem so much in finding a path as in getting the people to walk in the one they recommend.

DETROIT has been up in the air so long over the street railway that the citizens who have "tetched air" again will have to take their bearings to find where they are at.

The country doesn't propose to lose President Roosevelt to Panama entirely. It will keep a string tied to him by means of wireless telegraph.

The arms cast into the sea from Morro castle are 40 years old, and of obsolete pattern.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulates operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.

Communication.

A Tribute.

On Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 24, Mrs. Isabelle A. Hall, wife of Capt. M. S. Hall of this city, passed from this life. She was born at Manchester, Mich., in 1843. When 8 years of age she went to Wallingford, Vt., where she made her home with an uncle until she was 18 years of age, when she returned to her father's home in Manchester and remained there until her marriage in 1878, when she removed to Ypsilanti, which has been her home ever since.

"She was a bright student and a successful teacher for the short time that she pursued that occupation. For nearly 20 years she was an invalid and confined to her house. She survived her two children, a son who died in infancy and a daughter, a lovely young woman who died about five years ago, and she was survived by her husband and three sisters, Mrs. Martha Dennison of Manchester, Mrs. Sarah Weir of Ypsilanti, Mrs. Alice Amundsen of Grand Rapids and a brother, Albert Spencer of Manchester. She was an active member of the Presbyterian church at Manchester and also at Ypsilanti after her marriage. Always helpful to any in need, she was specially interested in missions, which she generously supported. Of refined tastes and pure character she was a faithful Christian and patiently bore her physical sufferings and at last quietly and peacefully passed away. The large attendance at the last rites, on Saturday afternoon, notwithstanding the storm and cold, evidenced the large circle of friends who esteemed and loved her.

"How safe! How free! How glad they all must be Who find themselves across the dreaded sea. The burden of their care has been laid down The cross they have exchanged for victor's crown."

A FRIEND.

Accidents will happen, but the best-regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for such emergencies. It subdues the pain and heals the hurts.

WANTED—Good man in each county to represent and advertise co-operative department, put out samples, etc. Old established business house. Cash Salary \$21.00 weekly expense money advanced; permanent position. Our Reference, Bankers National Bank of Chicago, Capital \$2,000,000. Address Manager, THE COLUMBIA HOUSE, Chicago, Ill., Desk No. 1.

TRAINING DOG POLICE.

Breaking In of the Seine Patrol One of the Sights of Paris.

The training of the young Newfoundland dogs that are periodically added to the staff is one of the sights of Paris. It takes place in the headquarters of the agents plongeurs, a small building on the quayside not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Dogs and men enter into the exercise with zest, and there is usually a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy figures are used, but the "rescue" is nevertheless a very realistic affair. The big dogs know perfectly well what the exercise means, and they wait with comic enthusiasm until the dummy is thrown into the water and an agent plongeur rushes out to bring the splash and the outcry of spectators. While the men are busy with lines and life buoys the dog plunges into the water, swims to the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get an advantageous hold, and then it either swims ashore or waits for its master, who brings to the rescue long poles, cork belts and the like. The more experienced dogs, however, will easily effect a rescue from first to last without human assistance, and it is an inspiring sight to watch them looking for a foothold on the slippery sides of the river bank and pulling the heavy dummy into a place of safety.

It takes about four months to train the dogs efficiently. They are also charged with the protection of their masters when attacked by the desperate ruffians who sleep under the arches of the bridge in summer. Thus in Paris the police dogs are a proved success.—Century.

A GREAT BEER HOUSE.

Munich Owns the Oldest and Largest Saloon in the World.

The Hofbrauhaus of Munich is perhaps the oldest and largest saloon in the world, owned by the king of Bavaria and patronized by an average of 12,000 customers a day. On holidays the number often runs up to 15,000 and 16,000. Nothing to drink is sold but beer, brewed at the royal brewery, which was started by King Ludwig the Severe in 1255. The present Hofbrauhaus was built in 1644, and the beer was brewed on the spot until 1878, when the brewery was moved into the country to less expensive quarters.

There are seats for 1,500 customers, plain wooden benches without backs beside plain wooden tables without covers. In the garden or court are 100 empty beer barrels set on end, which are used for tables. The steins, which are very heavy and hold a quart of beer, are piled up in stacks before the bar on the floor in the morning, where they remain until they are used.

When a customer wants beer he picks out a stein, takes it to one of the basins of running water which line the walls and washes it himself. Then he carries it to the counter and hands it over to the bartender, who fills it with beer from the barrel. The price is 6 cents a stein, and the profits support the hospitals of the city, although the king could claim them if he desired to do so, as the brewery and the Hofbrauhaus belong to him by inheritance.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Surefire of Oratory.

One of the mistaken theories is that a "public speaker" is necessary to the success of any public affair. This theory had its rise at a time when oratory was a fad. Orators were cultivated, and they were supposed to take human passions in their hands and toy with them. In this practical age public speakers are a bore, and nobody cares anything about them. People gather to be entertained and not lectured. But, this theory having been established that a "public speaker" is important to a picnic, an orator is hauled out and set loose on a few old gentlemen with canes and a few mothers who must occupy the benches in taking care of the children.—Sabatha Herald.

Shot and Angel.

Now and again we hear of strange and rare birds being shot in England, but how many sportsmen except Mr. Wells' clergyman can claim to have shot an angel? One such man exists, though it is doubtful whether he is proud of his skill. It was nighttime, and he was passing Crayford parish churchyard with his gun over his shoulder when he saw what he took for a ghost. He leveled his piece and fired, but his aim was wild. He had failed to wing his quarry. Investigation showed that the ghost was a sculptured angel on a tomb, and he had shot off one of its toes.—London Chronicle.

High Finance.

"Say," began Burroughs, "lend me a five, will you?" "See here," replied Markley. "If you'd only save your own money you wouldn't have to borrow from your friends."

"But by borrowing from my friends I do save my own money."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sleep.

Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep. It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold and cold for the hot.—Cervantes.

Quite Different.

He—But I thought you'd forgiven me for that and promised to forget it? She—Yes; but I didn't promise to let you forget I'd forgiven it!

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some couldn't tell to save their necks how it happened.

A Year of Blood.

The year 1903 will long be remembered in the home of F. N. Tackett of Alliance, Ky., as a year of blood; which flowed so copiously from Mr. Tackett's lungs that death seemed very near. He writes: "Severe bleeding from the lungs and a frightful cough had brought me at death's door, when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, with the astonishing result that after taking four bottles I was completely restored and as time has proven permanently cured." Guaranteed sore lungs, coughs and colds, at Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co.'s and Smith Brothers' drug stores. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

BIRTH OF A HYMN.

Story of the Origin of "In the Sweet By and By."

A song of national circulation, "In the Sweet By and By," written by S. Fillmore Bennett of Elkhorn, Wis., had its birth in a country store. Mr. Bennett told the story, which is given in "Wisconsin in Three Centuries," as follows:

It was about time for closing business in the evening when J. P. Webster, whose melodies have made Wisconsin famous, came into the store, feeling somewhat depressed.

I said to Webster, "What is the matter now?" He replied, "It is no matter; it will be all right by and by."

The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine, and I replied: "The sweet by and by. Why would not that make a good hymn?"

"Maybe it would," he said indifferently. I then turned to my desk and penned the hymn as fast as I could write.

I handed it to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eyes kindled and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk, he began writing the notes instantly.

In a few moments he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and he played with little hesitation the beautiful melody from the notes. A few moments later he had jotted down the notes for the different parts and the chorus.

I do not think it was more than thirty minutes from the time I took my pencil to write the words before the hymn and the notes had all been completed and four of us were singing it exactly as it appeared in the Signet Ring a few days later and as it has been sung the world over ever since.

A NAVAL REBUKE.

Two Admirals, a Captain and a Fool in Manila Bay.

When Dewey's fleet was at Manila the late Admiral Chichester was then a captain. On one occasion Admiral Diederichs, the German, sent out the Irene on an unexplained errand and without the customary notification to the commander of the blockading fleet. Admiral Dewey had suffered, he thought, sufficiently from that sort of thing, and so the admiral sent a vessel across the Irene's bows and notified her captain that she would not be permitted to depart without a statement as to her destination. It was not Admiral Diederichs' mission to quarrel with both the American and the English fleets on this critical occasion, so he sought to find out Captain Chichester's purpose in case of a collision. Going on board Chichester's ship, he angrily exclaimed, "Did you see what Dewey did to my ship?"

"Yes," replied Chichester. "What would you have done if it had been an English ship?" "Well," said Chichester, conveniently assuming that the Irene's captain had sailed without orders from Diederichs, "I'd have put my captain in arrest, and then I'd have gone on board the Olympia and apologized to Admiral Dewey for having such a fool in command of one of my ships."—Harper's Weekly.

A Poet's Homely Face.

The poet Rogers was afflicted with a notably unpleasant, cadaverous countenance, which, with all his intellectual power, was a mortification to him. To hide his annoyance, he joked about his ugliness incessantly and deceived his friends into supposing him indifferent to it. He once turned to Sydney Smith, who, with Byron and Moore, was dining with him, and said: "Chantrey wants to perpetuate this miserable face of mine. What pose would you suggest that I should take?" "If you really wish to spare the world as much as possible," said the wit, "I would, if I were you, be taken at my prayers, my face buried in my hands." Rogers laughed with the other persons present, but he shot a malignant glance at the jester and, it is said, never fully forgave him for the bonnet.

Thankfulness.

I am no friend to the people who receive the bounties of Providence without visible gratitude. When the sixpence falls into your hat you may laugh. When the messenger of an unexpected blessing takes you by the hand and lifts you up and bids you walk you may leap and run and sing for joy, even as the lame man whom St. Peter healed skipped piously and rejoiced aloud as he passed through the beautiful gate of the temple. There is no virtue in solemn indifference. Joy is as much a duty as beneficence is. Thankfulness is the other side of mercy.—Henry Van Dyke.

Facial Horticulture.

"A new milkman left our milk today," announced Dorothy. "Did he have whiskers?" asked her mother, thinking perhaps it was the proprietor. "No," said the four-year-old; "he didn't have whiskers, but he had the roots."—Harper's Weekly.

Why She Couldn't.

"No, I didn't have a very good time," she said. "I wanted to talk, and there wasn't a man there."

"But there were plenty of other girls."

"Oh, of course, but that was no satisfaction, for they all wanted to talk too."

Unfair.

Another unfair thing in life—the bride, with a wealth of hair, wears a veil, but the groom, who has a bald spot and really needs a veil to cover it, is denied the privilege.—Atchison Globe.

The noblest motive is the public good.—Virgil.

When the tip of a dog's nose is cold and moist, that dog is not sick. A feverish dry nose means sickness with a dog. And so with the human lips. Dry, cracked and colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well ill appearing. To have beautiful pink, velvet-like lips, apply at bedtime a coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. It will soften and heal any skin ailment. Get a free, trial box, at our store, and be convinced. Large nickel capped glass jars, 25 cents. Frank Smith.

Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

A Remarkable Epitaph.

A remarkable epitaph is on a tombstone in Brighton churchyard in England. It reads: "In memory of Phoebe Hessel, who was born at Stepey in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier in the Fifth regiment of foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the time of Queen Anne, extended to the reign of George IV., by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, Dec. 12, 1821, aged 108 years."

Atlantic Billows.

The authorities of the United States hydrographic bureau have endeavored to ascertain the size of the Atlantic waves. From careful observations they learn that in height the waves usually average about thirty feet, but in rough weather they attain from forty to forty-eight feet. In storms they are often from 500 to 600 feet long and continue to move about ten or eleven seconds, while the longest yet known measured half a mile and did not exhaust itself for twenty-three seconds.

Women as Travelers.

As a matter of genuine fact women, in nine cases out of ten, are better travelers than men are. To begin with, if not so stoddily accurate, although that by no means of means follows, they are more fluent in modern languages. They chatter in them, say the male things. Ergo, they are the more colloquial, the reader to circumvent the wiles and extortions of keller or of garcon.—London Gentlewoman.

A Good Dog.

"What kind of a dog is that?" asked the inquisitive man. "I dunno jes' what kind of a dog he is," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "but he's got good stock in 'im. Dat dog is so many kinds of dog dat dar's got to be good dog somewhere."—Washington Star.

The Truth.

A teacher in explaining the different kinds of sentences to her class, asked what it would be if she said, "I am looking for a man."

"I don't know," said the boy at the foot of the class, "but I think it would be the truth."—Lucerne Standard.

Looking Backward.

Do you ever look back over your ears and think how many times you have made a fool of yourself? We do.—Mancos Times-Tribune.

The new Pure Food and Drug Law will mark it on the label of every Cough Cure containing Opium, Chloroform, or any other stupefying or poisonous drug. But it passes Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure, as made for 20 years, entirely free. Dr. Shoop all along has bitterly opposed the use of all opiates or narcotics. Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is absolutely safe even for the youngest babe—and it cures it does not simply suppress. Get a safe and reliable Cough Cure by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's. Let the law be your protection. We cheerfully recommend and sell it. Frank Smith.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Saloon, Bowling Alley, Poolroom, license paid until May, 1907, for \$600. Rooming houses from \$100 to \$500, paying 100 per cent on investment. Candy and Cigar stores with living rooms from \$75 to \$300. Barber shop, 2 chairs, all complete, for \$50. Laundry, \$400. Bakery 4 ovens, horse and wagon, established 7 years, for \$600. One-half interest in office business for \$750, cleared \$3000 last year. Groceries, Hardware, office business, from \$100 to \$10,000. Light manufacturing business paying \$200 monthly for \$400. Harness shop for \$200. Business of all kinds sold and exchanged.

Home-Seekers—Attention.

Lands in Texas, Washington, Arizona, Indian Territory. Prices from \$150 to \$10 per acre, sold on 10 years time, 100,000 acres down to Quarter Sections. Free sleeping cars, fare \$33 round trip, all expenses returned to investors. Write at once. Some to trade for city and town property.

HOLLISTER BROKERAGE CO., 130-132 Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.

WANTED—Gentleman or lady with good reference to travel by rail or with a rig for a firm of \$250,000.00 capital. Salary \$10,000.00 per year and expenses advanced. Address with stamp, Jos. A. ALEXANDER, Ypsilanti, Mich. *0103

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, dated February 7th, A. D. 1896, made by John H. Gilbert and Annie Gilbert, his wife, of Ypsilanti City, Michigan, to Margaret Kennedy of the same place, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, on the seventh day of February, A. D. 1896, in Liber 89 of Mortgages, on page 158, which mortgage was, on the 28th day of May, A. D. 1896, duly assigned by the said Margaret Kennedy to Annie Gilbert, which assignment was duly recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds, on the 31st day of May, 1904, in Liber 14, Assignment of Mortgages, on page 354, and again assigned by the said Annie Gilbert to Archie Harrison on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1904, which assignment was recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds, October 2nd, 1904, in Liber 15, Assignment of Mortgages, on page 115, by which the power of sale therein contained has become operative and on which mortgage there is claimed to be now due, for principal, interest and insurance, the sum of one hundred sixty-eight and 23-100 dollars.

The mortgaged premises are described as follows: All that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the City of Ypsilanti, in the County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, described as follows: the north three-fourths of lot number two hundred and ninety-two (292) in North and Cross Addition to the Village (now City) of Ypsilanti. Said premises will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, on the 28th day of January, A. D. 1907, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, (Standard time), at the southerly front door of the Court House in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, (said Court House being the building in which the Circuit Court for said county is held), to satisfy the amount due as above specified, with the interest thereon and the attorney fee, costs, charges and expenses allowed by law, and provided for in said mortgage, no proceeding or suit at law having been commenced to recover the same or any part thereof.

Dated, Ypsilanti, October 27th, 1906. ARCHIE HARRISON, Assignee of Mortgagee. Attorney for Assignee, Ypsilanti, Mich. 0012

HUMPHREYS'

Veterinary Specifics cure diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs and Poultry by acting directly on the sick PARTS without loss of time.

A. A. FEVERS, Congestions, Inflammations, Cures, Lung Fever, Milk Fever, Cures Rheumatism.

C. C. SORE THROAT, Quinsy, Epistaxis, Cures Distemper.

D. D. WORMS, Bots, Grubs.

E. E. COUGHS, Colds, Influenza, Inflamed Cures, Lungs, Pleuro-Pneumonia.

F. F. COLIC, Bellyache, Wind-Blown, Cures Diarrhea, Dysentery.

G. G. Prevents MISCARriage.

H. H. KIDNEY & BLADDER DISORDERS, Cures.

I. I. SKIN DISEASES, Mange, Eruptions, Cures Ulcers, Grease, Farcy.

J. J. BAD CONDITION, Staring Coat, Cures Indigestion, Stomach Stagnation.

60c each: Stable Cass, Ten Specifics, Book, &c., \$7. At druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, surely point to weak kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To destroy the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine is dark, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Bright's or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative. It will cure you. To destroy the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

For you. Druggist room and sell

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

FRANK SMITH.

JOB PRINTING!

The YPSILANTIAN wants an opportunity to figure on your Job Printing of every description, believing that we can give you the best of satisfaction and save you some money

Business Cards, Envelopes, Note Heads, Letter Heads, Statements, Bill Heads, Wedding or Dance Invitations, Programs, Circulars, Hand Bills, Auction Bills,

and Book and Job Printing of every description, neatly and promptly executed, at reasonable prices.

THE YPSILANTIAN, W. M. OSBAND, Proprietor,

Basement Savings Bank Block

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 28th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

Present, EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Henry A. Ballard, deceased. Edgar Rexford, guardian of said estate, having filed in this court his annual account, and praying that the same may be heard and allowed, it is ordered that the 28th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said account. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in The Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washtenaw.

[A true copy.] EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate. H. Wirt Newkirk, Register. 9902

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 28th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

Present, EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth G. Coe, deceased. On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Mary A. Granger, praying that a certain paper in writing and now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of Elizabeth G. Coe, be admitted to probate, and that D. C. Griffin, the executor named in said will, or some other suitable person be appointed executor thereof, and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.

It is ordered that the 28th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in The Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washtenaw.

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Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat

YPSILANTI SAVINGS BANK

Capital, \$50,000. Surplus \$10,000.

OFFICERS.

President H. P. GLOVER.

Vice-President R. W. HEMPH

The Ypsilantian.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON VI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTER
NATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 11.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxvi, 36-50.
Memory Verses, 38, 39—Golden Text,
Luke xxii, 42—Consecration Pre-
pared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.]
The ever memorable service in the
Passover room seems to have conclud-
ed by the singing of a hymn, after
which they went out over the brook
Cedron to the Mount of Olives, re-
minding us of David, who, persecuted
by his son Absalom, fled across the
same brook, weeping as he went (2
Sam. xv, 30). Jesus, the Son of David,
went forth because of the hatred of
His son Israel (Ex. iv, 22, 23). As they
walked He again foretold His death
and resurrection and said that on that
night they would all forsake Him, ac-
cording to Zech. xiii, 7. Peter said
that the others might fail in their
faithfulness, but he never would, and
even after our Lord said that Peter
would that night deny Him three times
Peter said he would die with Him before
he would deny Him (verses 30-35). Poor,
boastful, self-reliant, deceitful and
desperately wicked human heart, thou
art worthy only of a vote of "no confidence
in the flesh" (Phil. iii, 3), and the
only thing we can truly say of the self
life in any of us, "I know that in me
—that is, in my flesh—dwelleth no good
thing" (Rom. vii, 18). So long as we
flatter self or think well of self or
trust in self it is evident that we know
neither ourselves nor the Lord, for
when once we have seen the king our
cry will be, "Woe is me! I loathe and
abhor myself! All my comeliness is
turned to corruption!" (Isa. vi, 5; Job
xli, 56; Dan. x, 8).

By comparing the account in the
four gospels we learn that, having en-
tered the garden, He said to the disci-
ples, "Pray that ye enter not into tem-
ptation; sit ye here while I go and pray
yonder" (verse 36; Luke xxi, 40). Then
He took the favored three, Peter and
James and John, leaving the others,
and, saying to the three, "My soul is
exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death;
tarry ye here and watch with me." He
went a little farther and knelt down
and fell on His face on the ground and
prayed to His Father that if it were
possible this cup might pass from Him,
yet yielding Himself absolutely to the
Father's will, for it was His meat to
do the Father's will, and He could al-
ways and truly say, "I delight to do
Thy will, O my God" (John iv, 34; Ps.
x, 28). Luke tells us that He was in
an agony and prayed earnestly, and
that His sweat was as it were great
drops of blood falling down to the
ground (Luke xli, 42-44), and that an
angel from heaven strengthened Him.
The writer of the epistle to the He-
brews says by the Spirit that He of-
fered up prayers and supplications,
with strong crying and tears, unto
Him that was able to save Him from
death and was heard (Heb. v, 7).

Matthew and Mark tell us that He
prayed three times, returning to His
disciples after each prayer, only to find
them asleep, and to boastful Peter he
said: "What! Could ye not watch with
me one hour? Watch and pray that ye
enter not into temptation. The spirit,
indeed, is willing, but the flesh is
weak." What a picture of human
weakness even in the redeemed we
have in these three disciples, who in
the presence of His transfiguration
glory were heavy with sleep and in
the presence of this great agony actu-
ally slept! In Luke xli, 45, perhaps
referring to the eight or possibly to all,
for Luke does not mention His taking
Peter, James and John apart from the
others, it is said that He found them
sleeping for sorrow. What a comfort
it is that He knoweth our frame and
remembereth that we are dust, and
that like as a father pitieth his chil-
dren so the Lord pitieth them that
fear Him (Ps. ciii, 13, 14). He knoweth
our frame, for He had a mortal body,
like ours, sin excepted. He knew hun-
ger and thirst and weariness, for He
experienced them all. He could say,
"They laid to my charge things that I
knew not; reproach hath broken my
heart" (Ps. xxxv, 11; xxxviii, 11, 12;
Isa. 50, 21). But much of the power of
the devil He knew which we can never
know, for He suffered in our stead that
which was due to us for sin that we
might never suffer it. He bore for us
the forsaking of His Father that we
might never know what it meant (Ps.
xxii, 1). And who can tell the meaning
of Gethsemane? Does not His treat-
ment of the disciples suggest stages in
the experience of the believer? Many
who were truly His were not with
Him at all in the garden that night.
Eight went part of the way into the
garden, three went a little farther, but
He left them and went alone. How far
can you go with Him? Do not attempt
to reply lest you might prove as un-
wise as Peter.

Concerning Gethsemane and His
prayer, I venture to mention what
seems to me the best I ever heard or
read about it. Physical suffering He
would not shrink from, for many of
His redeemed have gone through most
agonizing deaths for His sake. We
cannot think that He shrank from the
death on the cross as the sinners' sub-
stitute, for to that and He came and to
it He steadfastly set His face. But
there was a death, the possibility of
which was seen in the sweat like
drops of blood, from which He prayed
to be saved, and He was heard and
therefore answered (Heb. v, 7; 1 John
v, 14, 15). If the devil, who sought to
kill Him at His birth, and at other
times, could have killed Him in Geth-
semane His great work of atonement,
on which His heart was set, would
have been unfinished with sight of
the goal. He would say amen, even to
that, if His Father said so. Was there
ever such submission?

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the

Signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*

AWOMAN'S BACK

The Aches and Pains Will Dis-
appear if the Advice of This
Ypsilanti Citizen is
Followed.

A woman's back has many aches and
pains.
Most times 'tis the kidneys' fault.
Backache is really kidney ache;
That's why Doan's Kidney Pills cure
it.

Many Ypsilanti women know this.
Read what one has to say about it:
Mrs. E. Clough of 509 East Congress
street, says: "Some two years ago con-
siderable irritation of the kidneys finally
became very annoying. I tried different
medicines, but it was like throwing
money away, as I got no relief from
them. I read in the paper about per-
sons suffering as I was being cured by
Doan's Kidney Pills so I lost no time in
getting a box at Rogers-Weinmann-
Matthews Co.'s drug store. In a few
days after commencing the treatment I
felt better and in a very short time I was
cured. I have commended Doan's Kid-
ney Pills to more than one of my friends,
who praise them the same as I do. I am
thoroughly convinced of the superior
merits of this popular remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c per
box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.,
sole agents for the United States. Re-
member the name, Doan's, and take no
substitute.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

There is a certain street in Plymouth
on which live fifteen widows, widowers,
and old maids, one old bachelor, one
grass widow, three grand mothers, and
two great-grand mothers, and all live in
one block. Where is it?—Plymouth Mail.

Dr. Asa Lapham Blanchard, for many
years one of the prominent physicians
and citizens of this section, died on Fri-
day morning, Oct. 26 at The Highlands,
North Carolina, a little over four days
after reaching that place, where he had
gone for sanitary treatment by Dr. Mary
E. Lapham, a former well known resi-
dent who is now a remarkably success-
ful and famous specialist there. Mr.
Blanchard had been suffering from a
hopeless complication of diseases for many
months. He was 59 years old.—North-
ville Record.

A large amount of counterfeit money
has been put into circulation in this
section of the state in the last several days.
The money is supposed to be silver and
of several denominations. The coins
are fairly good representations. The mold
is perfect and the date on all the
coins is 1866. The weight is perfect and
the color good. The money is intention-
ally made dirty.—Homer Index.

Taken as directed, it becomes the
greatest curative agent for the relief
of suffering humanity ever devised. Such
is Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35
cents, Tea or Tablets. Smith Bros. n

Fred Koch, who is in the U. S. army
and at present located at Samar, Philip-
pine Islands, will receive his discharge
from the army December 1. The young
soldier is a son of Jacob F. Koch of Syl-
van. His parents expect him to return
to their home as soon as possible after
his discharge.—Dexter Leader.

Israel Estey of Lodi township, who
for 80 years has been a resident of Washtenaw
county, died Wednesday, Oct. 24
at the age of 82 years. He came here
from Vermont with his parents when he
was two years old and has since resided
near Lodi. His wife is also an old resi-
dent of the county.—Dexter Leader.

At the personal solicitation of Fr. Con-
sidine of Chelsea, Bishop Foley has di-
rected that the Dominican Sisters of
Adrian take charge of the new parochial
school which will be opened Jan. 1.—Ex-
press.

A healthy man is a king in his own
right; an unhealthy man is an unhappy
slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up
sound health—keeps you well.

In one of the most spectacular and
brilliant games ever played on Ferry
Field, the U. of M. football team defeat-
ed Dan McGugin's Vanderbilt eleven, 10
to 4, Saturday, Garrels making the Michi-
gan points by a field goal and a 75-yard
run for a touchdown, Curtis kicking goal.
The Vanderbilts are wonderful players
and really outplayed Michigan, their
speed, handling of punts, ability to keep
their feet and advance the ball being re-
markable. Blake's punts were beauties
and his intercepting of Michigan run-
ners brilliant, once preventing a score,
and again catching Garrels two yards
from the goal, and failing to prevent a
score only because Garrels rolled over
and over across the line. Michigan
rooters cheered for Vanderbilt, and made
the players guests of honor the night be-
fore the game at the mass meeting, the
usual Michigan way of courteous treat-
ment of opponents. Curtis, Workman,
Lowell, Bishop, who caught every punt,
and Magoffin starred for Michigan, and
every Southerner was a star. "It was a
great game throughout, but Michigan
must improve a bunch before they can
hold Penny."

Preventions, as the name implies, pre-
vent colds and grippe when "taken
at the source stage." Preventives are
toothsome candy tablets. Preventives
dissipate all colds quickly, and taken
early, when you first feel that a cold is
coming, they check and prevent them.
Preventions are thoroughly safe for chil-
dren, and as effective for adults. Sold
and recommended in 25 cent boxes
by Frank Smith.

News from Dr. Fred W. Palmer, who
is a surgeon in the regular army, sta-
tioned at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, is
that he has been raised to the rank of
captain and will be married on Nov. 7th
to Miss Marie Riordan of Los Angeles,
Cal. They will spend the honeymoon
journeying through Old Mexico in Miss
Riordan's private car.—Manchester En-
terprise.

Overcome by smoke as they slept,
probably, James Chase and DeWitt Van

Wormer lost their lives in the destruc-
tion by fire of the former's house at an
early hour Saturday morning. Mrs.
Chase was rescued when almost uncon-
scious from smoke and gases, is to-day
little the worse for her experience. The
bodies of both Chase and VanWormer
were found in the ruins. Little was left
of them except badly charred trunks.
Chase was about 70 years old and a
stone mason, as was also VanWormer, a
friend of his, who was visiting him for
the night. The cause of the fire is un-
known.—Dundee dispatch, Nov. 5.

Your stomach churns and digests the
food you eat and if foul, or torpid, or out
of order your whole system suffers from
blood poison. Hollister's Rocky Moun-
tain Tea keeps you well. 35 cents, Tea
or Tablets. Smith Brothers. n

WILLIS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Freeman, a
girl.

The afternoons last week were fine for
gathering turpins.

Miss Gotts of Ypsilanti visited her
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gotts,
last week.

Word comes that all hope has been
given up of Mrs. John Voorhees' recov-
ery.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Draper made us
a short call last week.

The farmers are improving the pleas-
ant weather husking corn with machines.

MUSINGS:
I'll tell you a tale of the long ago,
When the cows in the pasture were out
in the snow.

A kid was sent the cows to bring
And those who listened could hear
him sing.

Of the beautiful snow, for the song he
sung
Had the words "Cow, Cow" and they
came on a run.

For he sang it slow.
The record he made and the work he did
Is worthy of praise; we honor the kid.

"Suffered day and night the torment of
itching piles. Nothing helped me until
I used Doan's Ointment. It cured me
permanently."—Hon. John R. Garrett,
Mayor, Girard, Ala.

STONY CREEK.

Mrs. J. R. Mowry entertained at dinner
Monday in honor of her sister, Mrs.
Emma Green of Chicago.

Mrs. W. P. Elliott entertained the
pedro club Wednesday.

The M. E. Aid Society meets with
Mrs. Sam Conde Wednesday, Nov. 21.

The Crescent Aid Society will meet
with Mrs. Norman Redner Thursday,
Nov. 22. They will meet a week earlier
on account of the next week being
Thanksgiving. Refreshments to be
brought in. All are invited.

Miss Hazel Saxton and Mrs. J. H.
Welch were chosen delegates from the
Presbyterian S. S. to attend the State S.
convention to be held at Jackson next
week.

J. C. Bemiss returned home last week
from his trip through the west. He likes
Oregon the best of any state he visited.

Eugene Wilson's baby is on the sick
list.

J. H. Welch was a Milan visitor Wed-
nesday.

Real Estate Transfers.

Clifford R. Huston, Ypsilanti, to Han-
nah Mutch, Detroit, \$1.

William Morhous, Ypsilanti, to Philip
Duffy, Ypsilanti, \$225.

George B. Rhead, Ann Arbor, to Al-
fred H. Holmes Ann Arbor, \$1.

Martha B. Irvin, Ottawa, Ont., to Mary
E. Scott, Ypsilanti, \$1100.

Alfred E. Putnam, Milan, to Hannah
M. Putnam, Milan, \$162.12.

Evart H. Scott, Ann Arbor, to Marian
C. Dube, Ann Arbor, \$1.

James W. Martin, Los Angeles, Cal.,
to Floyd M. Batruff, Ann Arbor, \$4350.

John E. Ellsworth, Ypsilanti, to Flo-
rence E. Rathfon, Pittsfield, \$1.

John M. Sweet, Pittsfield, to William
H. Sweet, Ypsilanti, \$1.

Albert Lindeman, Lodi, to William
Martin, Saline, \$200.

Travers O. Young, Augusta, to Jay T.
Drew, Augusta, \$1500.

The Felch Estate to Anna C. S. Wat-
tles, Ann Arbor, \$4000.

In every clime its colors are unfurled
Its fame has spread from sea to sea;
Be not surprised if in the other world,
You hear of Rocky Mountain Tea. n

—Smith Brothers.

List of Letters.

Following is a list of letters remaining
in the post office, Ypsilanti, for the week
ending Nov. 3, 1906.

LADIES' LIST.

Banberry, Dorothy MacRoberts, Alice
Colby, Mrs. L. Pierce, Mrs. Mary
Ford, Miss Clara L. Richmond, Miss Ola
Groner, Estella M. Robinson, Mrs. Alice
Hill, Miss Mattie Sheldon, Miss Carrie
Kapp, Miss Julia Smith, Miss Florence

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Babcock, R. B. Hutchinson, Chas. B.
Bell, Carl Troy, Moses D.
Fuhrman, Peter Veeder, F. L.
Herring, William Webber, H.

Persons calling for advertised letters
will please give the date of advertising
and pay one cent for same. Letters are
held two weeks and then sent to the dead
letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Had a Close Call.

"A dangerous surgical operation, in-
volving the removal of a malignant ulcer,
as large as my hand, from my daughter's
hip, was prevented by the application of
Bucklen's Arnica Salve," says A. C.
Stickel of Miletus, W. V. "Persistent
use of the Salve completely cured it."
Cures cuts, burns and injuries. 25c at
Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co. and
Smith Brothers, druggists. n

For Sale or Exchange.

I offer my fine residence on E. Forest
avenue for sale or exchange.
I also have two farms to exchange for
city property, one of 35 acres, good build-
ings, orchard, etc., one of 76 acres, good
orchard, buildings, and some timber.
A. BOND, 725 Forest avenue E.

IN ARMOR TIMES.

Strength of English War Horses In
the Days of Henry VIII.

The size of the English war horse
reached its maximum in the reign of
Henry VIII., when the relations of
body armor to "hand and fist" were anal-
ogous to those of the early ship armor
and cannon. There was good reason to
believe, says the London Spectator,
that by adding a little to the thickness
of the coat of steel the soft, low ve-
locity bullet of the day could be
kept out. So it was for a time. But
the additional weight required a still
larger horse to carry it. The charger
had to be armored as well as his rider,
and the collection in the Tower of Lon-
don shows the actual weight which it
carried. The panoply of Charles Brandon,
Duke of Suffolk, the brother-in-
law of Henry VIII., still exists. That
of the horse covers the whole of the
hind quarters, the back of the neck,
forehead, muzzle, ears, shoulders and
chest. It is exactly like a piece of
boiler plating and fastened by rivets.

The rider sat in a saddle, the front
of which was a steel shield ten inches
high, covering the stomach and thighs
as the "breastwork" on an ironclad's
deck covers the base of the turret. The
total weight is eighty pounds fifteen
ounces. To this add the weight of the
rider's armor, ninety-nine pounds nine
ounces, and of the rider himself, say
sixteen stone (224 pounds), and the to-
tal is twenty-eight stone twelve pounds
eight ounces, or 404 pounds 8 ounces.
This bears out Hollinshead's statement
that in the days of Henry VIII., "who
erected a noble studderie for breeding
horses, especially the greatest sort,"
such as were kept for burden, those ani-
mals would bear four hundredweight
commonly.

MAKING OLD OAK.

One of the Tricks of the Cabinet-
makers' Trade.

You will have to go a long way be-
fore you find a body of men more cle-
ver than those cabinetmakers who pro-
duce goods to satisfy the desire of the
public for furniture made of old and
fancy woods. They can transform
whitewood into all kinds of exotic
woods by means of chemicals, and a
chemist would be surprised if he were
to have the run of one of those facto-
ries for a day.

The manufacture of "old" oak is one
of the easiest of their processes. The
boards, moldings, panels or whatever
pieces are required are made of oak
which has just had time to dry suffi-
ciently to prevent excessive warping.

They are then placed in a dark room,
on the floor of which and quite close to
the furniture to be "aged," are placed
several bowls, plates and so forth, of
liquid ammonia. The room is then her-
metically closed up, and the wood is
left for a month or so, according to the
age which is required. The coloration
will extend to a depth of nearly a
quarter of an inch if the room is kept
closed for a few months.

That is why there is so much old oak
furniture about. Of course, a little re-
flection would show that it could not
be genuine—the forests of the middle
ages would not have furnished one-half
of it—but people do not always reflect.
—London Graphic.

Shoe Buckles.

When Evander Berry Wall, king of
the dudes for twelve years and really
the most inconspicuous man about
town, because he was homely of face
and a very bad dresser, besides being
rather short and blotchy, undertook to
reintroduce shoe buckles he made his
first failure as the sartorial dic-
tator of our "jeuneunesse doree." I think
it was poor Al Claggett who said:
"Why, Berry, you make a fool of your-
self. Shoe buckles go with long stock-
ings and knee pants. You can't wear
'em with socks and trousers. They in-
terfere with the set of the trousers
around the feet. Then, of course,
you've got to have a low quartered
shoe. Cut it out, Berry, cut it out."
Wall immediately quit.—New York
Press.

Wearing Glasses.

Wearing glasses need not be perma-
nent. If the first hint of derangement
in the eyes is heeded a short time
spent under the direction of an oculist
will safely tide over the difficulty. It
is most restful to close the eyes fre-
quently for a few minutes. This rest
does them great good. Particular
should this be done in trains and street
cars. Many a headache and smarting
pain may thus be saved. Traveling
in public conveyances is exceedingly
hard on the eyes, even for those that
are strong and perfect. The gaze
should be confined to the interior of the
car. Looking out of the windows to
the rapidly changing scenery is a
great strain.—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Regrets.

"Hello, old man. Haven't seen any-
thing of you since you got married.
How goes it?"
"Thanks, fairly well. But marriage
is a costly job! If you only knew what
the dressmakers charge!"
"So I suppose you regret it?"
"Oh, no. I married a dressmaker."
—Meggendorfer Blatter.

In After Years.

Smith—When Green was courting
that young widow a couple of years
ago he declared he couldn't live with-
out her. Jones—And did he marry her?
Smith—Yes. And now he is trying to
get a divorce on the grounds that it's
impossible to live with her.—Exchange.

A Suitable Book.

Customer (hesitatingly) I suppose—
er—you have some—er—suitable books
for a man—er—about to be married?
Bookseller—Certainly, sir. Here, John,
show this gentleman some of our ac-
count books, largest size.

Famous Strike Breakers

The most famous strike breakers in the
land are Dr. King's New Life Pills.
When liver and bowels go on strike, they
quickly settle the trouble, and the puri-
fying work goes right on. Best cure for
constipation, headache and dizziness.
25c at Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co.
and Smith Brothers, druggists. n

WANTED—Woman to do general
housework. Good wages. References
required. Might employ man and wife.
Enquire 112 Washington street, week
days to 11, or Saturday 7 p. m. Tele-
phone, Bell line, 157.

HER PET AVERSION.

The Reason One Woman Is Afraid of
Her Bathtub.

"I know a good many people are
afraid of a bathtub," said a woman,
"but not in the way that I am. I am
not afraid of the water after I am in
the tub. It's getting in and out I am
afraid of, though water in a bathtub
has been deadly, too, to some. I know
of a man once who was drowned in
his bathtub. Many a man has drowned
in his bathtub, but I know the widow of
this one, and that was what brought it
home to me. Whenever they intro-
duced her they whispered, 'Her hus-
band was drowned in a bathtub.'"

"It seemed to me a sort of disgrace
to her, that way of dying. If he went
to drown, why didn't he go to the
river? If he didn't do it purposely,
then it was the fault of the bathtub,
and that makes it a dangerous thing, to
my notion."

"I knew another man who was seri-
ously injured by a bathtub. He was a
great friend of mine. He had prom-
ised to help me in a lot of ways, with
my work and one thing and another.
Then he was taken very ill. He was
upon the verge of recovery and had
written me he was coming to call in
a day or two, when I got word that he
had fallen in the bathtub or on it—I
have forgotten which, or maybe it fell
on him—and had broken three ribs."
"I never got in or out of my bathtub
without thinking of him and his three
ribs or without being afraid I'll fall
on the edge of it and knock out all
my front teeth."—New York Press.

A BEGGAR OF KHIVA.

He Was Nasty and a Thing of Shreds
and Patches.

In an open square, where the dust pall
forbade sight or breath, I directed my
steps toward the source of a throbbing
rail that ceaselessly wove itself in with
the noise of voices and the patterning of
unshod feet of beasts. As I neared it
the noise became detached from the
hubbub, a distinct and individual thing,
which insistently claimed attention and
made the very notes in the air dance to
time. Under a willow tree by the
water ditch that defined the square sat
a bent old man, unbelievably ragged.
So torn were his many khaki that
they did not seem like constructed gar-
ments at all, but strings of tatters and
tags collected and hung on his fat,
weak body. His head was bent on his
breast, and his eyes were half closed.
On his stomach was a wooden bowl,
with a skin drum head stretched across
it, and on this drum head he beat in-
cessantly with his knuckles and his
fist. The motion was so automatic and
regular in its recurrent changes that
it seemed almost as if he were a
clockwork figure set at the edge of the
busy market to record the passage of
time. I flung some coppers on the
brass begging tray by his side and went
off, unconsciously adjusting my steps
to his beating. He made the trivial
barter and the driving of laden animals
seem rapid and futile, and my bit of
charity sickened me. It was as if I
had happened along and patted Socrate
on the back.—Langdon Warner in
Century.

Acoustics and Coughing.

Coughing is one of the nuisances that
no one has been able to abolish in
churches or in theaters. A physician,
however, claims that the coughing nu-
is a mere question of acoustics.
"There is a subtle connection be-
tween the ear and the throat," he said.
"When the ear is strained the throat
is affected, and a cough is the result.
When we can hear perfectly in church
or theater it never occurs to us to
cough. But when we bend forward,
straining every nerve to catch the ac-
tor's or preacher's muffled syllables,
then we find ourselves coughing every
little while. Build auditoriums with
perfect acoustic properties and I war-
rant that the thunderous choruses of
coughs so common now among us will
be no more heard."

Life In the Kennel.

The following story from a well
known Devonshire clergyman shows
how the life in the kennel is brightened
by play: "Some fifty years ago I was
visiting Mr. Garth's kennels when the
first whiff showed me a tunnel in the
airing ground about six feet long which
the hounds had dug themselves and
utilized as follows: They used to
choose one of themselves and start
him to run round the yard, they being
in full pursuit, till he had enough.
Then he went to ground in the tunnel,
while another hound took his turn to
be hunted and go to ground." This
is one way in which hounds train them-
selves.—T. F. Dale in Outing Magazine.

No Comparison.

Mrs. Upmore was recalling her early
married life.
"Ah, yes," she sighed, "we were hap-
py then—foolishly happy in our little
Utopia!"
"I've seen the place once or twice,"
said Mrs. Gaswell, "and I don't blame
you for moving away from it. New-
port is ever so much finer, isn't it?"—
Chicago Tribune.

Into the Next Day.

"When I leave you tonight," said
Mr. Staylate, "I hope you—"
"Gracious! Are you coming again to-
night?" exclaimed Miss Patience Gome.
Then for the first time the proximity
of the dawn dawned on him and he lit
out.—Exchange.

Too Fast.

"What's become of that brother-in-
law of yours?" asked the old friend.
"He had a bright future before him."
"Yes, he had," sighed the other old
friend, "but he outran it."

A small cloud may hide both sun and
moon.—Danish Proverb.

Made Happy for Life.

Great happiness came into the home
of S. C. Blair, school superintendent, at
St. Albans, W. Va., when his little daugh-
ter was restored from the dreadful com-
plaint he names. He says: "My little
daughter had St. Vitus' Dance, which
yielded to no treatment but grew steadily
worse until as a last resort we tried Electric
Bitters; and I rejoice to say, three bottles
effected a complete cure." Quick, sure
cure for nervous complaints

THE WOOING OF LITTLE TOES

(A STORY OF THE PALEOLITHIC AGE)

BY STANLEY WATERLOO

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

This is a society love story of the time of the Cave Men, a story of the prime of the Paleolithic age.

Jewels appeal wonderfully to some women of the present and the same instinct for adornment was possessed by the charming Little Toes, belle undisputed of the clan of Cave Men who lived among the rocks by the White Tarn.

Tarns are not usually white, it is true; in fact we commonly think of a tarn as some dismal body of water, fonsomene and fearful, but this one, though really a tarn, isolated and alone, was light because it had a sandy bottom, and its waters were clear because it was doubtless connected by some underground channel with the not very distant sea.

A happy lot of cave people, as cave people went, were those making up the clan which lived beside the tarn, fishing in its depths and hunting in the Green Forest, and the society was really very fine. So delectable a creature as Little Toes must, necessarily, have rival admirers, and among them, and altogether leading the others, were Big Bow and Cross Eyes. Big Bow was easily the most successful fisherman and hunter in the tribe, and a somewhat goodly man to look upon. Cross Eyes was but moderately successful in the pursuit of food, either on land or water, and he squinted prodigiously.

Somewhat unfortunately for Cross Eyes had thus far progressed this ardent wooing. Big Bow, mighty fisherman and hunter, brought daily spoil to the feet of Little Toes; spoil something more than appreciated, not only by the young lady, who had a healthy appetite, but by her father and mother, who chanced to be people not over-strenuous to grapple with the problem of existence. Cross Eyes did the best he could, but he brought less sustenance to his inamorata, and, as has been intimated, Big Bow was the more presentable man of the two. But the case of Cross Eyes was not altogether hopeless. He could talk far better than Big Bow in the old, chuckling way of the cave men, and was never silent. Little Toes had become used to him and did not object to having him around. Yet, the star of Big Bow was decidedly in the ascendant.

The rules of dress of the cave men and women of the time were becoming rather severe. For instance, it was considered desirable that both gentlemen and ladies always wear something in public. This, as a rule, consisted of a single skin garment worn over one shoulder and under the other, and, in case of the more rigidly conventional, belted at the waist. This admirable garb, of course, left the neck bare. It afforded a magnificent opportunity for the display of jewelry; but the only jewelry ever worn by a cave belle up to this particular time had consisted of a necklace of red berries strung upon some grassy fiber. Such a necklace could last for but the passing hour. It was a transient thing. Such as it was, though, it was much affected by the flirtatious Little Toes, as she did love to adorn herself.

It fell upon a day that Cross Eyes was wandering, ill-mooded, far from the maddening crowd, along the banks of a turbulent creek which came tumbling down from the hills to enter the untamed depths of the White Tarn. This was his meditative afternoon with a vengeance. He recognized the fact that Big Bow was far ahead of him in the race for permanent possession of Little Toes. The rebuffed suitor then was decidedly the better hunter and better fisherman, and the additional fact that the qualities of purveyor and provider were then considered in a wooer of the first importance. He strode up and down the little beach where the creek hurled itself laughingly over a wonderful bed of shells and pebbles into the broad waters it was seeking, and, finally, sat himself down upon a rock and thought most dimly. He thought of Little Toes as he had seen her that morning, graceful as the slim wood peep, gliding merrily about the temporary necklace of red berries, having a line of contrasting color about her smooth, brown neck. He would like, he thought, to see a necklace always there, though what kind of matter? It seemed that Little Toes could never be for him.

His eyes rested, at first unseeing, upon the creek's margin, where was a blaze of coloring, a glittering idea, as the sun's rays struck upon the tossed-up shells of a brightly colored mollusk, and the many pebbles of clear white, brought down from the chalky heights above. He thought vaguely of the resemblance, save in glitter, of the bright objects in the water and the red berries about the throat of Little Toes. Then, dimly at first, and then more definitely, there came to him a suggestion which grew into an inspiration. His face brightened; he leaned from his rock and into the water. Up and down the shore he ran, gathering pink shells and snowy pebbles. He filled his wolfskin pouch with them. Then, as he stood as if upon the hunt, he ran toward the village on the rocks and into his own particular cave. He was possessed of a very great idea, an idea which, in the crowded centuries since, has won many a soft hand and chafon many an oriental kingdom.

For many days there was little seen of Cross Eyes in the chase or at the fishing. Food enough to sustain himself was all he sought. Inside his cave he was at work, with flint and drill and sandstone polisher, engaged more earnestly than he had ever been when forming spear or arrowhead. With infinite labor and patience unexampled hitherto, he wrought doggedly, but happily, and wonderful things began fashioning themselves in his strong hands. He bored each with the chalk pebble, each rose pink shell, until there were a pair of them, thus pierced, and then he shaped them and rounded them and polished them un-

til they glittered wondrously when he brought them to the light. He marveled at them himself. They were splendid beads.

An eye for contrast had the worker. A long tendon from the leg of the great elk he took, a tendon such as made his bowstring, something that could not break, and which would last a lifetime, and upon this he strung the beads, first a white and next a pink one, and so on, alternately, until all were thus secured. He knotted the ends of the tendon together, in a knot that could not become untied, and then held up before him, something magnificent, the most glorious, shining bauble the world had ever known—the First Necklace!

And during all the weeks while Cross Eyes was hidden in his cave, Big Bow had wooed most vigorously. He would make a last great effort and she must yield.

So, as darkness fell, Big Bow went to the cave of Little Toes, where she chanced to be alone. Tossed over one of his shoulders was the body of a fawn he had killed that day, and over the other hung down to the cave man's feet a great, dark, glossy mass which was something to demand attention. It was the skin of the great cave bear, the only one ever slain by the tribe, and had come to Big Bow as being foremost in the famous chase and fight. It was a magnificent thing.

Few words had Big Bow. He laid the fawn at the feet of Little Toes and then he spread out upon the ground before her the great bear skin



Drew Forth Something That Flashed and Fascinated.

"It is yours," he said. "To-morrow night I am coming to take you to my cave."

Little Toes did not answer at first, but threw herself down upon the furry skin delightedly. It suited her.

Finally she sat up. "It is good," she said. Big Bow went away.

There was a slight sound, and Cross Eyes stood beside her. The fire in the cave blazed up and he called her to it. Then from his wolfskin pouch he drew forth something that flashed and fascinated. He hung it about her neck. The girl looked down upon it in silent amazement. She lifted the glittering beads in her fingers tremblingly, but could not speak. Her ecstasy was indescribable.

"Come with me to my cave and be my wife," said Cross Eyes. "She did not answer, even then. She only put her hand in his and they went out into the night."

They took the bearskin with them.

WARDROBE OF KING EDWARD

Costs About \$6,000 Annually, According to His Tailor.

London.—The king's tailor has been giving some details of the wardrobe of Edward VII. His majesty buys about a hundred pairs of trousers every year, and pays from \$10.50 to \$13 a pair for them. He orders about a dozen dress suits annually at \$80 each, and for his sack suits he pays \$32.

Twelve or 15 frock coats and 15 overcoats are also included in the king's yearly renewal of his wardrobe. The king has at least 100 naval and military uniforms, which represent a large sum in value; but, apart from the cost of these, his tailoring bill amounts to from \$5,000 to \$6,000 annually.

From the necessity imposed on royalty King Edward has acquired the celebrity of a quick-change artist in dressing. He can change from one suit into another with marvelous rapidity.

His taste, which, when younger, was inclined to somewhat loud patterns, is now all in favor of simplicity. A plain navy blue serge is his majesty's favorite cloth.

A Bull on a Pedestal.

An extraordinary monument has been recently erected at By near Fontainebleau, by M. Garbort, to the memory of Rosa Bonheur, the great French painter of animal life. The memorial is located not far from the former home of the great artist, which was respected during the Franco-Prussian war by special order of the crown prince of Prussia. The monument consists of a granite pedestal of heavy proportions on top of which is placed the effigy of a splendid bull, of the type so frequently seen in the lady's pictures. On front of the pedestal is a bronze bas-relief of Rosa Bonheur.

Looking Forward.

The young man had just screwed up his courage to the point of asking the old man for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

"Have you given any thought to the future?" asked the old man.

"Oh, yes," answered the young man. "I joined the church last winter."

TREASURE IN AN OLD HOUSE.

Nehemiah Cutter, of Arlington, Had Stowed Away \$15,000.

In the old Cutter house, on the Lexington road, in Arlington, a recent search has brought to light money, notes and certificates amounting in ready value to \$15,000 and upward. The treasure belongs to Nehemiah Cutter, who lived in the house with his sister, Lucy Cutter, until he was taken away to a hospital a few days ago. Miss Cutter knew that her brother had money secreted in his room, but neither she nor anybody else suspected that there was more than a hundred dollars or so, says the Boston Transcript.

After the brother's removal, Miss Cutter was in need of money. She called in the family solicitor, B. B. Johnson, of Waltham, who is also a somewhat distant relative of Mr. Cutter, and together they searched the brother's apartments. They found that instead of a few hundred dollars there was nearly \$15,000 in actual cash, besides stocks and bonds, which, with the interest coupons, which had not been cashed for years, will possibly double the amount. The money has been placed in the Waltham National bank, deposited by Mr. Johnson as guardian for Cutter.

The Cutter property, which is on the main road to Lexington and Concord, was deeded to the family in 1745, and from that day until the present some member of the family has resided on the spot. Nehemiah Cutter, great-grandfather of the present Nehemiah, was the first owner, and from him the property passed to the hands of his son, Nehemiah, who in turn willed it to his son Elijah, and so it reached the hands of the present Nehemiah.

Although no general search has been made in other parts of the house, it is not thought that Cutter has any money hidden elsewhere, for he guarded his own room with such care that it was quite apparent that there was the source of his wealth.

Neighbors of the Cutters were greatly surprised when they learned of the amount of money which had been found in the house. The family has never made any pretensions, the old man going about with threadbare clothes, while the house itself, with all its collection of outlying sheds, was much in need of repair.

PILOT THE WHOLE THING.

Young Woman Evidently Thought Ship's Officers Had Snaf.

Among the passengers on an Atlantic liner when it left New York recently was a charming young woman from St. Louis, who was making her first trip abroad. The vessel had not proceeded far when the fair passenger approached the captain and said: "The ship appears to be stopping, captain. Why should we stop here?" "We stop here to let the pilot off," was the reply.

"To let the pilot off?" exclaimed the young woman, in a tone of polite incredulity. "Do you mean to say that the pilot doesn't cross the ocean with us and direct the course?"

"I mean just that," answered the captain. The fair passenger pondered for a bit. Then, smiling as if a bright idea had occurred to her, she added: "O, I suppose after he has set the rudder pointing in the right direction that there's nothing left for him to do, so he goes."—Woman's Home Companion.

Enjoyment at the Dining Table.

There isn't much question that most of us would get along better if a little more attention were given to table-culture. If we ate less meat—indeed, less of everything; but there are so many other offenses against good physiology more serious in their results and almost equally prevalent than the layman may be excused for skepticism as to the necessity for political economists deserting their own field to push the cause of the chews. A man who consistently chews each mouthful of custard 47 times through life may have a chance of living to be a 100 a fraction of a point better than the man who bolts butter cakes whole, but the latter during his shorter earthly sojourn, having his attention less closely fixed on his stomach, may actually do more good in the world than the hummer hashing machine.—New York Globe.

Tramps Resemble Apes.

There is a striking resemblance between tramps and apes, according to Dr. J. Wilson Rhodes, chairman of the central committee of poor law conferences, says the London Express.

"If," he said, "you walk with an unemployed procession for about half a mile and study the tramps you will see that a great many of them are of the degenerate type."

"They have a peculiar walk with them, and it is like that of an anthropoid ape."

"I have watched the tramps in England, on the continent, and in America, and all the world over there is a great similarity between them. We must discourage the growth of the class of men who more nearly resemble apes year after year."

Site for Charlemagne.

Charlemagne, though interred at Aix-la-Chapelle, and regarded as an ancestor by the German emperor, is nevertheless claimed as a Frenchman by the majority of modern Gauls. Their interest in the great emperor, however, does not extend to the point of providing a definite site for his monument, which for 20 years has occupied a temporary wooden pedestal on the banks of the Seine, within the precincts of Notre Dame. A movement is now on foot to have an appropriate pedestal set up for the statue, which is covered with waterproof canvas.

An Exception.

"Well, there's this much about it," said the talkative man, "when a fellow starts to do anything he can always succeed if he only sticks to it." "Yes," replied the stout man. "How about when you start to renounce a habit of sticky lip paper that you've sat down upon?"



Worked in Tilo Matting.

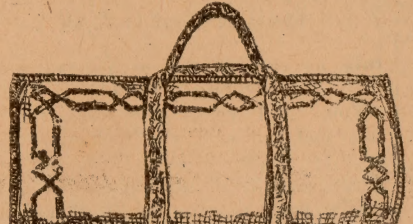
DAINTY ARTICLES MADE FROM THIS MATERIAL.

Better Than Raffia for Decorative Purposes—Vell and Glove Cases May Be Made Especially Effective.

Tilo matting made from the fibre of old Japan has entirely superseded raffia as a means of practical decoration. It is soft and smooth to the touch, pliable, and possesses that charm and simplicity characteristic of the products of the versatile Jap.

The shavings are taken from the tree by a unique stripping process; are exceedingly thin, quite long, most of them ranging 33 to 36 inches and about an inch wide. They are carefully rolled, then woven into matting of a checker weave pattern, which comes out a neutral tone and beautifully fine in texture.

Tilo matting is purchased for one dollar a square yard. Tilo strands, which are the shavings of the fir tree before being woven into matting, are used for various decorative purposes ornamenting the matting, braiding and binding the edge of the articles.



Dainty Cases.

together, also for finishing on the edge. It is cheaper than raffia, which varies from 10 to 25 cents a bundle, according to the quality and color. The well buckets of Japan are especially attractive. The border may be of any color raffia desired. There are five parts to each bucket, the four sides and the base. The buckets or baskets are suspended from a bamboo rod. The inside buckets of tin

Hints for the Hostess.

Proper Way to Get Up Enjoyable Stein Supper—A Recipe for Happiness.

At a stein supper the guests are usually men; such an affair is the delight of the college boy. In most cases the success of the evening depends upon the never-tiring mother, good sisters, or even interested girl friends, who disappear behind the scenes, attending to the table decorations, arranging the table, etc. Beer may or may not be served; cider is a favorite beverage, also hot spiced lemonade and punch which are served in covered steins. The new semiprecious dishes of Holland and English manufacture are especially adapted to these affairs. Egg-shells, china, lace table cloths and such dainty accessories are out of place at "stein" parties. Toasts are always a pleasing feature at any gathering and especially so at these suppers. The following are all appropriate for name cards or to be memorized for this and other occasions:

"Here's to one, may she be won."

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere."

"Lo, now has come our joyful feast; let every man be jolly!"

"Here's to the girl I love."

"I wish she was high."

"If drinking beer would bring her here, I'd drink the old place dry."

"Here's to those that love us, if we only cared."

"Here's to those that we'd love, if we only dared."

"May our joys be as deep as the ocean, and our misfortunes as light as its foam."

"Here's to our sweethearts and our wives."

"May our sweethearts soon become our wives, and our wives ever remain our sweet hearts."

"May the hinges of friendship never grow rusty."

"May we never want bread to make toast, or a cook to prepare it."

"Happy are we met, happy have we been."

"Happy may we part, and happy meet again."

GOATS FOR SMALL GIRLS.

Expensive Garments Bearing Mark of Elegant Simplicity.

For smaller girls, say ten, there is an exceedingly good coat model on canvas lines. The original is made from white broadcloth, the short waist defined by a broad striped band, and four handsome buttons. The double-breasted closing of the short body. A double cape falls over the back, but is rounded off to the neck soon after leaving the shoulder seam. The sleeves are full, pleated at the wrists, and end in double turn-back flaring cuffs. The only trimming, beyond the exquisite stitching is a handsome collar of golden brown beaver, and the whole was decidedly a marked example of elegant simplicity. The hat destined to go with the coat was a fine French felt, trimmed with soft tulle and white plumes. This coat was made in mushroom shape, a style that makes the girl's figure much. It is a shape, too, that is generally becoming to the young woman. Little girls of childhood, however, are wearing

pecially attractive. The border may be of any color raffia desired. There are five parts to each bucket, the four sides and the base. The buckets or baskets are suspended from a bamboo rod. The inside buckets of tin



Flower Baskets copied from Japanese Wall Buckets.

or zinc should have sealed edges to prevent the dampness or water from coming through the matting.

A book cover may be similarly designed as the portfolio with Grecian design in raffia. As many compartments as desired may be added for the portfolio.

The portfolio is fashioned on the same principle, with braided handle, combining one or more colors. Cases for veils, gloves and kerchiefs, with facing of silk and a dash of delicate sachet, are especially dainty and admit of water color treatment that is especially effective in formal designs.

A number of such articles may be made from one yard square, as this size cuts to very good advantage.

WHERE THE TROUBLE LAY.

Disappointed Man's Explanation for His Lateness.

The other afternoon a man rushed into the Reading terminal, gulped up the stairs and dashed for the train shed just as the gates were closed against him, says the Philadelphia Telegraph.

He looked as if he wanted to swear most vociferously, but he was out of wind, and all that he could do was to lean against the fence and soulfully sigh. It was then that the grateful old, who is always on hand, paced over and batted in.

"Did you miss your train, old boy?" he queried, with a smiling glance at the panting one.

"No," was the grouchy rejoinder, "I chase myself up here that way every five minutes to see them shut the gates."

"What made you so late?" queried the other, not at all abashed, "Is your watch out of order?"

"No, my watch is all to the good," replied the man who missed the train, "but I think that my feet are about two minutes slow."

SKIN ERUPTIONS 35 YEARS.

Suffered Severely with Eczema All Over Body—A Thousand Thanks to Cuticura Remedies.

"For over thirty-five years I was a severe sufferer from eczema. The eruption was not confined to any one place. It was all over my body, limbs, and even on my head. I am sixty years old and an old soldier, and have been examined by the Government Board over fifteen times, and they said there was no cure for me. I have taken all kinds of medicine and have spent large sums of money for doctors, without avail. A short time ago I decided to try the Cuticura Remedies, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap, two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, two treatments cured. I am now well and completely cured. A thousand thanks to Cuticura. I cannot speak too highly of the Cuticura Remedies. John T. Roach, Richmond, Ohio, July 17, 1905."

THE TICKING OF THE CLOCK.

Soothing Company to Some Sleepers Cause of Wakefulness in Others.

"Not all people," said the jeweler, "like the ticking of a clock; it is a pleasant sound to most people, but not to all."

"Some people, clock lovers these, couldn't sleep without a clock in the same room. Its ticking is company and it scares away the spoofs. Such people would wake up if the clock should stop in the middle of the night."

"But there are other people who can't sleep with a clock in the same room and who, if they found themselves in a strange place anywhere with a clock in their sleeping apartment, would stop the clock before they went to bed."

"Of course there is much of habit in this; but we have our fancies about clocks, as we do about all things else."

Purchased "Old Red House."

T. W. Lee, a prominent business man of Springfield, Mass., has purchased the historic "Old Red House" at Longmeadow, Mass., which was built 171 years ago, and has presented it to the town as a museum. The house was built by Simon Colton, a soldier of the French and Indian wars.



WOMEN'S WORLD

Thousands of women suffer daily headache, dizziness, spells, languor, nervousness and a dozen other symptoms of kidney trouble, but lay it to other causes. Make no mistake. Keep the kidneys well, and these aches and troubles will disappear.

Mrs. Anthony Cadrette, 77 Mechanic street, Leominster, Mass., says: "My sight failed, I had sharp pain in my back and bearing-down pains through the hips. I was nervous, fretful and miserable. The urine was greatly disordered and I began to have the swellings of dropsy. I was running down fast, when I started using Doan's Kidney Pills. A wonderful change came and after using them faithfully for a short time I was well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McIlburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

REMARKABLE LIFE OF MISER.

Englishman Hoarded Pennies and Left Large Fortune to Queen.

John Camden Neild, whose magnificent bequest to Queen Victoria supplied the funds out of which the prince consort built the present Balmoral castle, deserves a place among the great misers and was as remarkable a man as any of them. He was educated at Eton and Trinity college, Cambridge, and was a barrister at Lincoln's Inn. At the age of 34 his father's death placed him in possession of a fortune of £250,000, and from that moment he became a confirmed miser.

Neild lived at 5 Cheyne walk, Chelsea. His big house was so meanly furnished that it did not even boast of a bed. Two old women, who did his stores, and a black cat were his sole companions. When he visited his large estates in the Midlands, which he did frequently, he generally walked, unless he could get a lift for nothing, and he was not even above taking a gratuitous seat on a dung cart. Sometimes he was compelled by the weather to take a seat on the stage coach. And there he would sit outside, shivering and dripping, for he never wore a greatcoat—an object of commiseration to his fellow passengers.

Neild died at 5 Cheyne walk, Chelsea. His big house was so meanly furnished that it did not even boast of a bed. Two old women, who did his stores, and a black cat were his sole companions. When he visited his large estates in the Midlands, which he did frequently, he generally walked, unless he could get a lift for nothing, and he was not even above taking a gratuitous seat on a dung cart. Sometimes he was compelled by the weather to take a seat on the stage coach. And there he would sit outside, shivering and dripping, for he never wore a greatcoat—an object of commiseration to his fellow passengers.

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Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONTINUED.

"Distress and unfaith and all hard-

ness passed forever at sight of him

"He opened his eyes. "I knew you

would come," he murmured.

He tried to raise his hand. She took

it in hers, repressing the shudder with

which her healthy frame shrank from

the cold, prophetic moisture in his

gaze.

She whispered some sweet, plying

words, and her voice was music to his

ears.

From the open door of the tavern

not far away came sounds of merriment,

but all was quiet near by.

Ballinger and Winslow stood, with

heads bowed while the girl leaned just

within the parted curtains, half sup-

porting the dying man. Occasionally

he caught a few words of which they

could distinguish only her name. His

voice grew fainter—scarcely heard

above the sobbing of her whose arm

now pillowed his heavy head.

A bird's song from a tree near

roused him, and with an effort he

opened his eyes, which, if they had

power to see, beheld not the things of

earth. Even her dear face was

blurred and his gaze wandered, and he

put up one hand feebly, as if to guide

his erring vision.

There was a rattling sound in his

throat. "At the first note of this fatal

herald, the preacher raised one hand,

and the words of prayer rose, full,

sonorous, a ladder of faith whereon

the stumbling soul might climb.

But Gonzaga seemed not to hear:

"Kiss me," he said.

"She obeyed, and he sank back with

a last, long sigh of content. It almost

seemed in that one kiss there lay more

power than that of bell or book to

shrive his passing soul.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was evening of a few days later

when the Creighton family, Gerald

excepted, sat about the hearth where a

few fatigues burned. It was still mid-

summer, but for the invalid the night

wind blew cool. Their talk was chiefly

of the letter just received from Mrs.

Blennerhassett, who, an exile in the

south, awaited the issue of Burr's trial,

and her husband's fate.

"I will hear ill of neither," she

wrote, "and faith in the loyalty of

both shall ever abide with me."

Mrs. Creighton closed the letter with

a sad smile and doubting shake of the

head.

"Why, mother, dearest," cried Lav-

ender, "you do not doubt? You are

not of the idle majority—the masses,

ever ready to crucify the fallen?"

Mrs. Creighton replied with "the

calm judicial manner that seemed to

fit the brow, massive beyond her sex:

"We have no means of knowing 'the

truth,' daughter. I doubt if even his-

tory will solve this riddle which lies

hidden in the hearts of a few. There

are great and good in power who are,

as you say, ready to crucify him. It

seems, therefore, as though we, be-

tween two fires, had better keep as

cool as possible."

But this view met with no sympathy

from the young partisan. She ap-

pealed to her father: "Dad, do you

think Aaron Burr a martyr, as I do?"

The elder Creighton smiled. "Hard-

ly that; he may come out of this

trial with flying colors; in that case,

be sure he will find no lack of friends

—of reparation. If he does not—well,

I am too much of a patriot to think

he will be convicted unless he deserves

it. Let us abide the issue."

But Lavender was unconvinced. "It

is audacious, I know, to hold opinions

where two such wide heads dare to

form none. All the same, I believe

that Aaron Burr is a much persecuted

man!"

"Encore, encore, I quite agree with

you," and at the door stood Winslow,

smiling and clapping his hands.

Lavender glided to meet him; then

on a stool at her mother's feet she

sat, with eyes on the fire, quiet and

happy.

They talked of the trial, although as

yet no meager news had reached

them.

"So Aaron Burr has but one cham-

pion in this assembly," and Winslow,

laughing, turned to Lavender.

"It seems 'so,' Mr. Creighton as-

serted. "Women are, as a rule, on

his side. That is why I marvel at my

wife's impartiality."

Winslow took a letter from his pocket.

"I have here word from a friend

who is summoned as a witness in the

trial. He is now in St. Louis. He

urges me to accompany him back to

Kishwaukee, and I may go." He fin-

ished with an involuntary glance at

Lavender.

She sat within the radius of the fire,

her face suffused, less by its glow

than by the throbbing of her heart at

the news.

Mrs. Creighton was the first to

speak. "But this is not a sudden deter-

mination?" You had planned to go

soon?" and she glanced at Lavender,

and back at him.

Winslow was perplexed by her man-

ner, full of a fond meaning. Here was

another loose end of the tangled thread

which had begun its aimless spinning

with the mother's words: "You, whom

she loves."

But, puzzled, he replied, without hesi-

tation: "No, I had not intended go-

ing at all this year. I had decided

upon remaining for the school work,

but now there will be business mat-

ters in connection with the claim I

have taken, and—and my plans are

incomplete." He finished, vaguely.

A mystified silence fell, but in a

flash the situation was clear to Lav-

ender, when her mother said, coldly:

"When I was ill, one day, you said

you were going back east, and—and

well, you held out other hopes. You

have, then, changed your mind?"

"I am afraid there is some mistake,"

Mrs. Creighton; until very lately I

had no reason, no hope of going. I

am quite sure I have mentioned none."

She lingered a moment at the still,

then, with a sudden recollection, took

from the sash at her belt the small

packet Winslow had delivered.

"From Belle," he had explained,

"and she says you will understand. I

think it is something she found in the

effects of Señor Gonzaga."

Mechanically, for her mind and heart

were with the man who had just rid-

den away, Lavender opened the large

envelope.

It contained only the yellow letter—

now so hateful in her sight—and a

package of envelopes and paper exact

with it in color and size. They were

innocent of writing, but bore, never-

theless, flagrant, if unwritten, testi-

mony.

She covered her face with her hand,

and sat in silence a long time.

Then she murmured under her

breath: "Not ill of the dead," and slowly

she retraced her steps to the cabin

where the palsied finger of a solitary

candle shook a warning in the dark.

Not many days later came a second

visitor to the Creighton cabin—Owa-

toga, who brought to Lavender a bunch

of white roses. These he presented

awkwardly, a giant messenger for so

slight a burden.

Tied to the crinkled paper holder in

which the stems lay was a note in

Winslow's hand. It contained but a line:

"The promise was another's; may its

fulfillment be mine?"

Lavender brought the letter to her

mother, and told all the story.

And in her listener's eyes was re-

flected a light, "like that which never

shone on land nor sea," the light of

proud joy in a mother's face.

Then the daughter raised her head,

and, putting the pale cheeks with both

hands, said with solemnity: "And now,

dear mother, do you realize that the

prayer I have begged of Heaven is to be

ours? You are going back—going home

with him—and me."

A silence fell between them; their

hearts too full for words.

Suddenly a whippoorwill sounded his

plaintive note from an elm outside.

The sun sank until the tree-tops were

lost in the somber eastern sky—only

the trunks cast long pillars of shade.

Through their gigantic colonnade the

last yellow beams poured a flood of

light straight to the cabin door where

sat mother and child together.

"Think, daughter," she whispered,

"that sunset is even now shining on

the sloping roof, on the tree-covered

porch of home. Imagine how its rays

emurgle every Michaelson Daisy, and

glorify the golden-rod! For there is a

hint of autumn there already, dear."

"Under the trees the grass is soft

and brown with needles, and the

grapes are ripening. The stone steps

are worn—one is falling away at the

side. Perhaps the old red gate is open,

child, open for us."

She looked out into the garden, all

sunset-illuminated, and her voice was

clear, almost triumphant, as she sang

the refrain:

"And she thought of her flowers, and she

thought of the well,

Where the cool waters dashed o'er the

large white stone,

And she thought it would soothe like

a fairy spell,

Could she drink of that fount when her

fever was on."

CHAPTER XXX.

When the new schoolhouse was

completed, it was decided to hold ded-

icatory exercises amid much pomp and

ceremony. For after a great deal of

talk the school was at last a fact.

The settlement had been started from

river to bluff; its inhabitants shaken

out of their torpid summer calm, by

such an innovation.

But after the first shock was over

they had lent willing ear to the plan.

The lads and lasses themselves were

delighted; less it must be confessed

from desire for knowledge than be-

cause of the immunity from work

which the hours of school promised.

The parental consent was usually

given with good-humored tolerance

for a prejudice. If there were those

who believed in education—why, so

were there believers in the ultimate

accomplishment of steamboats and fly-

ing machines. It was easy enough to

humor such outlandish opinions, and

the three R's could do no harm, they

supposed. And after this negative fash-

ion Winslow's plan had been ac-

cepted.

And so, as prime mover in the af-

fair, as architect and assistant build-

FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Mothers Should Watch the Development of Their Daughters—
Interesting Experiences of Misses Borman and Mills.



MATILDA BORMAN MYRTLE MILLS

Every mother possesses information

which is of vital interest to her young

daughter.

Too often this is never imparted or is

withheld until serious harm has result-

ed to the growing girl through her

ignorance of nature's mysterious and



Brushes That Wear

not tear the hair—brushes that are strong and serviceable, shapely and beautiful—take up quite a bit of our showcase and drawer room. Many forms and sizes ("Military" or single) many prices. And not hair brushes only—teeth brushes, nail brushes, flesh brushes, too. Brush up on brushes.

SMITH BROS.
CITY DRUG STORE
103 Congress Street.

Right Up to Date

Our shelves are loaded down with the latest patterns in

Footwear

If you want an easy, durable, and stylish shoe, apply at our store,

204 CONGRESS ST.

Agents for the famous Allen's Kushion Komfort Shoe
\$3.50 for women \$4.00 for men

E. E. TRIM

When a woman sees a piece of dress goods that she likes she will readily pay more for it than take a cheaper piece. That is why many women are ordering

"RICHELIEU" Canned Goods

every day. They are not so very much higher in price than other goods, either—only better in quality.

Richelieu Corn, 15c
Richelieu Peas, 20c
Richelieu Beans, 18c
Richelieu Spinach, 20c
Richelieu Succotash, 15c
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A Candy Novel Luncheon

The Ypsilantian.

Established January 1, 1880
W. M. OSBAND, Editor and Proprietor
THE YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, Savings Bank Building, entrance from Congress street.
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YPSILANTI, NOV. 8, 1906

Nervy Burglars.

The Mt. Clemens chief of police came here Thursday night after George Hagadorn, who had been charged by his chum, Walter Harvey, formerly of this city but now of Mt. Clemens, with being his accomplice in the theft of two overcoats and a satchel containing several hundred dollars worth of diamonds from Mt. Clemens hotel. In their room at Mt. Clemens were found numerous overcoats and other things which turned out to be the articles stolen from the Lancaster boarding house in Ypsilanti the Monday before. Chief Gage went to Mt. Clemens and recovered three overcoats, two hats and several pairs of gloves. In Hagadorn's room at his sister's in the country was also found the suit case stolen from the Michigan Central station here the same Monday, belonging to Mrs. Stone. Hagadorn was wearing the overcoat belonging to Ned Horner, which was stolen from Westfall's last winter. The young men are mere boys, but it is said have admitted wholesale stealing at Mt. Clemens. They were taken to Mt. Clemens and bound over to the circuit court.

The Townsend Rally.

The republicans held their closing rally of the campaign at the opera house Thursday night, with Hon. C. E. Townsend as chief speaker. The hall was filled and Mr. Townsend charmed every one as usual by his candid, courteous and earnest presentation of the issues. Hon. A. J. Sawyer, Sr., presented a plea for the prosecuting attorney showing that much of the tramp graft is out of his control but that Mr. Sawyer has lessened it. Hon. A. J. Waters closed the meeting with a brief reply to some of the false statements circulated as to his record by the democrats.

Mr. Townsend made a strong plea for the county ticket, especially Frank Newton, and for the legislative candidates. He showed the fallacies in Candidate Kimmerle's attacks on state institutions. He touched on many state issues with his keen logic and clear perceptions, and gave some attention to national politics. His speech was warmly received and did much service to the party. Jim Harkins singing delighted the audience.

Mrs. Austin Norton.

Mrs. Sarah J. Knapp Norton died Nov. 5 of pneumonia, after an illness of only one week. She was born in Sharon Springs, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1840. After her marriage in 1862 to Austin Norton she made her home in Ypsilanti, where her many excellent qualities and unselfish life have made her many warm friends. She was an active member of the M. E. church and also of the W. C. T. U. Her husband died only about a year ago. Mrs. Norton is survived by her two sons, Charles and Frank A. Norton, who have general sympathy in their loss. The funeral was held yesterday, Rev. Eugene Allen being in charge.

Mrs. Edwin Simons.

Mrs. Mary Ann Simons, widow of Edwin Simons, died Nov. 4, after a long illness, aged 85 years. She was born in England and was twice married, her first husband having been named Wortley. Her second husband was Edwin Simons, who died several years ago. She was the mother of twelve children, of whom six survive her—Thomas Wortley, Mrs. Thomas VanRiper, Robert, Harry and Miss Jennie Simons. The funeral was held yesterday afternoon from the residence.

Mrs. R. C. Hayton.

Mrs. Hannah Lee Hayton, widow of R. C. Hayton, died in Detroit Nov. 1, aged 70 years. She had been in failing health for two years, and had recently gone to Detroit to spend the winter with her son. Mrs. Hayton was for many years a resident of this city and had a wide acquaintance. She leaves two sons—William H. Hayton of Detroit and James A. Hayton of Chicago. The funeral was held in Detroit Saturday morning, and interment was in Highland Cemetery.

Balancings of the Clouds.

An inch of snow fell during October and the coldest day Oct. 11, when the mercury touched 21 degrees. The precipitation was generous giving us 3.70 inches distributed as follows:

Oct. 4.....	87	Oct. 19.....	30
" 5.....	01	" 24.....	62
" 6.....	21	" 25.....	02
" 7.....	14	" 27.....	45
" 8.....	01	" 28.....	01
" 9.....	42	" 29.....	17
" 18.....	17	" 30.....	26
Total for the month.....	3.70 inches		

J. C. BEISS.

To Those Interested.

On account of continued ill health I expect to spend some time away from Ypsilanti, and I will consider it a favor if persons indebted to me will settle same, including rentals and payments on musical instruments, etc., with Mr. W. B. Seymour at my office, 507 Congress street, who is fully authorized to receipt for same and pay all claims against me.

CHAS. E. SAMSON.

THE VOTE IN THE CITY.

	1st Wd.	2d Wd.	3d Wd.	4th Wd.	5th Wd.
Governor—					
Warner.....	240	162	179	77	172-219
Kimmerle.....	101	72	127	77	114
Treasurer—					
Glazier.....	169	114	134	64	84
Wellman.....	149	113	166	90	102-165
Representative—					
Waters.....	216	166	174	54	103-105
Brown.....	123	68	138	101	178
Congressman—					
Townsend.....		175	209	83	127
Sheriff—					
Newton.....	232	158	187	86	141-259
Sutton.....	112	86	128	70	149
Clerk—					
Harkins.....	242	169	168	85	120-302
Lutz.....	96	67	113	69	167
Treasurer—					
Braun.....	235	165	187	79	111-238
Lawson.....	100	71	123	74	171
Register of Deeds—					
Lawson.....	224	161	173	73	66-121
Seery.....	122	78	137	80	187
Prosecuting Attorney—					
Sawyer.....	97	100	100	63	77
Kirk.....	252	142	215	103	220-501

For Circuit Court Commissioners the majorities are: Sample, 172; Putnam, 121; for Coroners, Burchfield, 164; Wallace, 159; and for Surveyor, Jerome Allen, 247. For Senator, Peek has 256 majority in the city.

Council Proceedings.

The council held a short session Monday night. To the streets and walks committee was referred the petition of R. Phillips against having to pay for his new walk on Oak street until it is repaired and put in good condition, and the declaration by J. E. McGregor that if the council do not straighten out the mistake in the grade of his sidewalk, he will appeal to the courts. Curbing was granted in front of the Newton and Blackmore places on North street; also the appeal of fifteen property owners for brick crosswalks on Grove and Park streets.

The protest of third ward property owners against leaving only a cinder crossing on Forest and Upper Ellis avenues was left to the ward aldermen.

To the board of public works went the request of Trim & McGregor for a site, preferably near the Michigan Central tracks, where they will put up a 50x200 brick factory and make oil cloth; also the proposition of Eugene Millen to take over the city building now used by the Whiffletree Co. for the use of the canning factory.

H. B. Gibbs asked for the final remittance of a draft of \$1500 on contract for the Forest avenue bridge and the release of the bond. The mayor said that he understood the company owes O. E. Thompson a large amount for cement, and that the council should see that claims of our citizens against the company be settled before the money is paid by the city. Referred to the bridge committee.

A. F. Burbank was granted a permit to move a building from Pearl street to the Reinhart place.

Auditors Page and McLeod reported the city clerk's books as correct.

City Treasurer Gallup reported receipt of \$138.72 interest on city funds for the last quarter, this being put in the contingent fund.

The poor fund for October expended: 2d ward.....\$1.00
3d ward.....\$5.00
4th ward.....\$4.00
5th ward.....\$5.00

Sidewalk Inspector Olds reported 160,314 square feet of cement walks built in front of private property this season. Including street crossings and other work the total amount for the city was 176,666 feet. There are still 80,000 feet of old tar walk in the city, of which the first ward has about 26,000; the second 3200; the third, 17,800; the fourth, 10,250; and the fifth, 18,000 feet. On motion of Alder Inspector Olds' bill of \$12 was allowed and the office declared vacant.

James Cooper's liquor bond with E. A. Bovee, John Burtis and Jacob Grob as sureties was presented and urged by Alder Colvan, but as the bond is to be used by Mr. Lockridge, Ald. Vandewalker said he understood it would be illegal, though Mr. Lockridge offered to produce his principal, and it was referred to the mayor and city attorney for investigation.

The mayor finally carried his idea of having two additional catch basins put in at the top of Normal street hill, the project ignored at the last meeting. It carried this time with emphasis, the end of a six years' struggle.

Clear College Commencement.

The Clear College Commencement twenty-third commencement will be held at Clear Hall Friday evening, Nov. 9. Whitmore's Orchestra and the Peace Men's Quartet will furnish a fine musical program and the address will be given by Rev. Frederick D. Leete, D. D., who recently came from Syracuse University to be pastor of the Detroit Central M. E. church, an eloquent speaker. A reception will follow in the college parlors to which the public are invited. There are over 70 graduates.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free.

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WANTED—Woman to do general housework. Good wages. References required. Might employ man and wife. Enquire 112 Washington street, week days 10 to 11, or Saturday 7 p. m. Telephone, Bell line, 157.

Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

THE FORGOTTEN DEAD.

There Are Few English Tombstones Over Two Centuries Old.

Some years ago there was a correspondence in the papers, the main argument being that there were very few tombstones in the open—that is, outside of a church—which could show a record of over 200 years. Doubtless there are many tombstones of a far greater age, but most of these are now undecipherable from the perishing material used or have sunk deep into the earth, in which case there can be small doubt as to the inscriptions having become obliterated.

The oldest record I have come across was at Godshill churchyard, near Ventnor, where the visitor can see legibly inscribed, "Annie Garde, 1592," but probably some of your readers may know of tombstones bearing an earlier date. The most surprising number of old tombstones clustered together are possibly those grouped at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, these ranging from 1616 to 1702. In all there are seven, having these dates: 1616, 1619, 1620, 1627, 1646, 1687, 1702.

So far—that is, during a three years' search—I have found tombstones of the seventeenth century at Godshill, Bonchurch, Brading and St. Lawrence (Ventnor), in the Isle of Wight; at Waterbury, in Kent, where there are several in excellent order; at Tonbridge, Bristol, Ipswich, Harwich, Southwold, Colwyn Bay (old parish churchyard), and at Millbrook, near Southampton.

I might note that in all I have so far found only thirty-five tombstones over 200 years of age.—London Standard.

"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

Sir Richard Burton's Translation of the Tales.

"The Arabian Nights" was first introduced to Europe by a Frenchman named Galland, and the first English versions were simply translations of his. Then A. D. Scott gave a very superior edition, "occasionally corrected from the Arabic." In 1859, however, appeared an English translation entirely from the Arabic, with copious notes and illustrations. It was Edward William Lane's, a gentleman whose long residence in Egypt had fully qualified him for his work. This translation may be said to have held the field until the appearance of one by Sir Richard Burton. Sir Richard was a daring and successful traveler, who had a remarkable facility in acquiring eastern languages. He performed a pilgrimage as Mecca disguised as a pilgrim, a feat as difficult as it was daring. In 1872 he was appointed to the post of British consul at Trieste. Here he applied his knowledge of Arabic to making a faithful translation of "The Arabian Nights Entertainments," supplementing his work with copious notes and terminal essays which have been called a mine of curious and diverting information. Its publication caused a great sensation. Details were freely given that had previously been suppressed. But the accuracy of the translation as a whole was candidly acknowledged, and Burton may be credited with having made into the English language the finest translation of these wonderful Arabian tales.—London Answers.

Saved by a Cipher.

The story is told of how a neatly constructed cipher saved Sir John Trevelyan's life. This cavalier was taken prisoner and locked up in Colchester castle to await his execution. On the second day of his confinement the jailer brought him a letter, which, as far as the warden of the castle could discover, was merely a note of condolence from a friend. But the letter had been concocted on a cipher to which Sir John had a clew. Every third letter after a punctuation mark of any kind was to tell. What he made out was this: "Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following evening the prisoner begged permission to pass a quiet hour in prayer in the chapel. The request was granted, and before the hour had passed the panel had done its work and the bird had flown.

A Bird Performer.

Canaries and other tame birds are sometimes taught to perform tricks, but it always has been regarded almost an impossibility to train a wild bird. Andrew Hume, the famous Scotch bird lover, trained one of the wildest of Scotch birds to perform all sorts of remarkable tricks—to jump and keep time with the skipping rope, to perform on the slack and tight rope, climb an upright rope, stand on top of a running carriage, draw cards out of a box, mount a ladder and ring a bell, go round a wheeling stair step by step and fly to its owner's head when called upon.

Fame and Fortune.

"That young physician is working hard." "Yes," answered the veteran practitioner. "He is on the track of a discovery that will mean fame and fortune. He is trying to invent a new name that will make some old ailment fashionable."—Washington Star.

Barely Remembered.

"I suppose your late uncle didn't fail to remember you in his will," said the sympathetic friend. "You can hardly call it a remembrance," replied the poor relation. "It was more like a faint recollection!"

Three Years.

"How long," asked the judge of a vagrant negro, "have you been without any means of support?" "Since my wife died in 1903, sub," responded the dourly respectfully.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Sicilian tyrants never devised a greater punishment than envy.—Juvenal.

Piles quickly and positively cured with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. It's made for piles alone—and it does the work surely and with satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large, Nickel Capped glass jars, 50 cents. Sold and recommended by Frank Smith.

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Boston

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The Caloric Paradox.

Freezing is usually associated with cold, but water can be frozen on a red-hot plate. This pretty experiment has rightly been called the caloric paradox. If a drop of water is placed on a red-hot or white-hot metal plate it does not suddenly flash into steam under the influence of the great heat. It does not even boil. It simply evaporates quietly and slowly as it rolls about the plate. Now, suppose that the drop on the plate is a volatile liquid like sulphurous acid. It will evaporate, and this evaporation will produce cold. Let a drop of water fall in the sulphurous acid drop, and it will be frozen to spite of the heat. M. Bouigny thus froze water on a white-hot platinum capsule. Faraday carried this remarkable experiment even further. Pouring some ether and solidified carbonic acid gas on a red-hot platinum capsule, he formed a spheroidal mass which evaporated very slowly. He then brought some mercury into contact with it, and this was instantly frozen. Now, mercury requires a temperature of 40 degrees below zero to solidify it, and here it was frozen on red-hot platinum.

A Restless Patch of Earth.

There is, near to the Thuringian summer resort, Traunsee, a curious and locally celebrated phenomenon—namely, the floating island, which sports itself, now at this and now on that side of the Hautesee, a small and charmingly situated lake. The little island also has its own flora, varying from that on the immediately adjacent mainland, among which may be mentioned the "meat consuming" *Drosera rotundifolia*, while flowers and edible berries grow here in rank profusion and slender birches cast their shade over those who care to land and investigate this restless little patch of earth. Birds are especially partial to this spot, wild ducks and other aquatic birds breeding here in great numbers. But the great event of the year is the "Volksfest" held upon the island every Ascension day, when dancing and "bratwurst eating," washed down by the obligatory beer, is the order of the day.—Pall Mall Gazette.

They Joined Hands.

Mr. Rhodes once told a circle of friends after dinner the story of his first meeting with Belt. "I called at Forges' late one evening," he said, "and there was Belt working away as usual. 'Do you never take a rest?' I asked. 'Not often,' he replied. 'Well, what's your game?' said I. 'I am going to control the whole diamond output before I am much older,' he answered as he got off his stool. 'That's funny,' I said. 'I have made up my mind to do the same. We had better join hands.' Join hands they did. Unlike Alfred Belt, Cecil Rhodes had small patience with arithmetical details. Once this characteristic involved him in a difficulty. Pitching a balance sheet into the pile of papers before Belt, he exclaimed desperately, 'Here, you understand things. For heaven's sake tell me how I stand.'

Butterflies That Live on Fish. The butterfly was blue and transparent. As through blue glass its tiny heart could be seen beating inside its body, and the professor read a newspaper article through its lovely wings. "This," he said, "is the pteropoda, a Mediterranean butterfly. It eats fish. On its tongue are rows of pointed hooks. They serve as teeth. This beautiful creature would turn up its nose at a garden of roses and lilies, but it would feast ecstatically upon a putrid eel. Now and then a pteropoda is found on the Florida or the California coast. It is only abundant, though, in the Mediterranean."

The Power of Intuition.

"The power of intuition usually spoken of as being so mysterious is really not so at all," said a woman recently. "It is merely the ordinary method of reasoning from observation intensified. The so-called intuitive person differs from the one of more commonplace powers in possessing a keener sensitiveness to facts. She or he, for it is absurd to assert that this power is exclusively feminine, observes a thousand things that persons of duller sense fail to see and that are beyond the control of the most skillful actor."—New York Tribune.

An Extraordinary Forest.

The most extraordinary forest in the world was discovered by Dr. Welwitsch and occupies a tableland some six miles in width near the west coast of Africa. The peculiarity of the trees is that, though their trunks are as much as four feet in diameter, they attain the height of only a foot. No tree bears more than two leaves, and these attain a length of six and a breadth of two feet.

The Helmet in the Schoolroom.

German schoolmasters are said to have had much to do with the victory of the Germans in their late war with France, and in this connection Sir Henry Roscoe tells this incident of his inspection of the professional school in Rouen, France: "Among the usual objects I noted with surprise a Prussian soldier's helmet. On being asked why he placed it there the schoolmaster stated that it was picked up in the streets of Rouen during the German invasion. And he added that it was of great service to him, for when the scholars did not attend to their work he used to bring this down and put it in his desk and, pointing to it, say: 'Now, if you do not make progress and learn properly this will happen to you again.' The surest way to bring it upon you is to neglect your studies and grow up in ignorance and to become inferior in intellectual training. The display of that helmet," explained the director, "never fails to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of my students and to rouse their patriotism and their zeal for their studies."

Women Cannot Cut Diamonds.

"A lot of women seem to be possessed these days of an ambition to learn the trade of diamond cutting," says the New York Sun reports one jeweler as saying. "Every little while an applicant for a situation as an apprentice gives us a call. But we can't afford to give them a trial. They can never master the art. In other branches of the jewelry trade women have made some unqualified successes. Not one of Eve's daughters, from royalty down, I should say, that isn't an artist in the wearing of diamonds. Many are well versed in the tricks of buying and selling them, while others give excellent satisfaction in polishing and preparing them for the market. But when it comes to the real cutting of the stones they lack the patience, judgment and steadiness of nerve which constitute the expert's stock in trade."

The Marvel of Notre Dame.

Often as I have seen Notre Dame, the marvel of it never grows less. I go to Paris with no thought or time for it, busy about many other things, and then on my way over one of the bridges across the river perhaps I see it again on its island, the beautiful towers high above the high roofs of houses and palaces, and the view, now so familiar, strikes me afresh with all the wonder of my first impression. The wonder only seems greater if I turn, as I am always tempted to, and walk down the quays on the left bank, the towers before me and with every step coming more and more completely together, by the Pont Neuf, to the island and at last to the great square where Notre Dame fronts me in its superb calm.—Elizabeth Robins Pennell in Century.

Why He Quit the Game.

"Take a hand?" queried Smith as Jones stood watching the poker game at the club.

"No. Quit."

"What's the matter—cold feet?"

"No. I always come out loser."

"I never saw you lose in my life."

"I know you never saw me, but I lose. If I happen to win a little here, my wife smugly insists on my dividing my winnings when I go home. If I lose, I get a lecture on the evils of gambling, and the next day, in order to get even, my wife runs bills down town to the amount I lost. If I tell her I came out just even, she takes half the money to prevent my losing all I have, so I am bound to lose."

The Dozen.

In all the civilized countries of the world thirteen is referred to as being somebody's "dozen." In America, Australia, Great Britain (present day) and several other lands that number is said to be a "baker's dozen." In Italy it is referred to as the "cobbler's dozen," there being a tradition that there was formerly a law which compelled cobblers to put twelve tacks or nails round the edge of a boot heel. Finally, when the nails became cheap, a cobbler man was driven for luck.

Warned in Time.

A man visiting a lunatic asylum recently was conversing with some of the outdoor patients when a man rode up on horseback. "The pace called for comment among the party, and one of the patients said he had seen a horse running much faster than that one. 'Oh,' exclaimed the visitor sotto voce, 'I have seen a horse flying.' 'Dinna let the doctor hear ye sayin' that, my man,' interjected an old Scotch lunatic. 'There's fouk in here far less than feein' horses.'"

Save Money.

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